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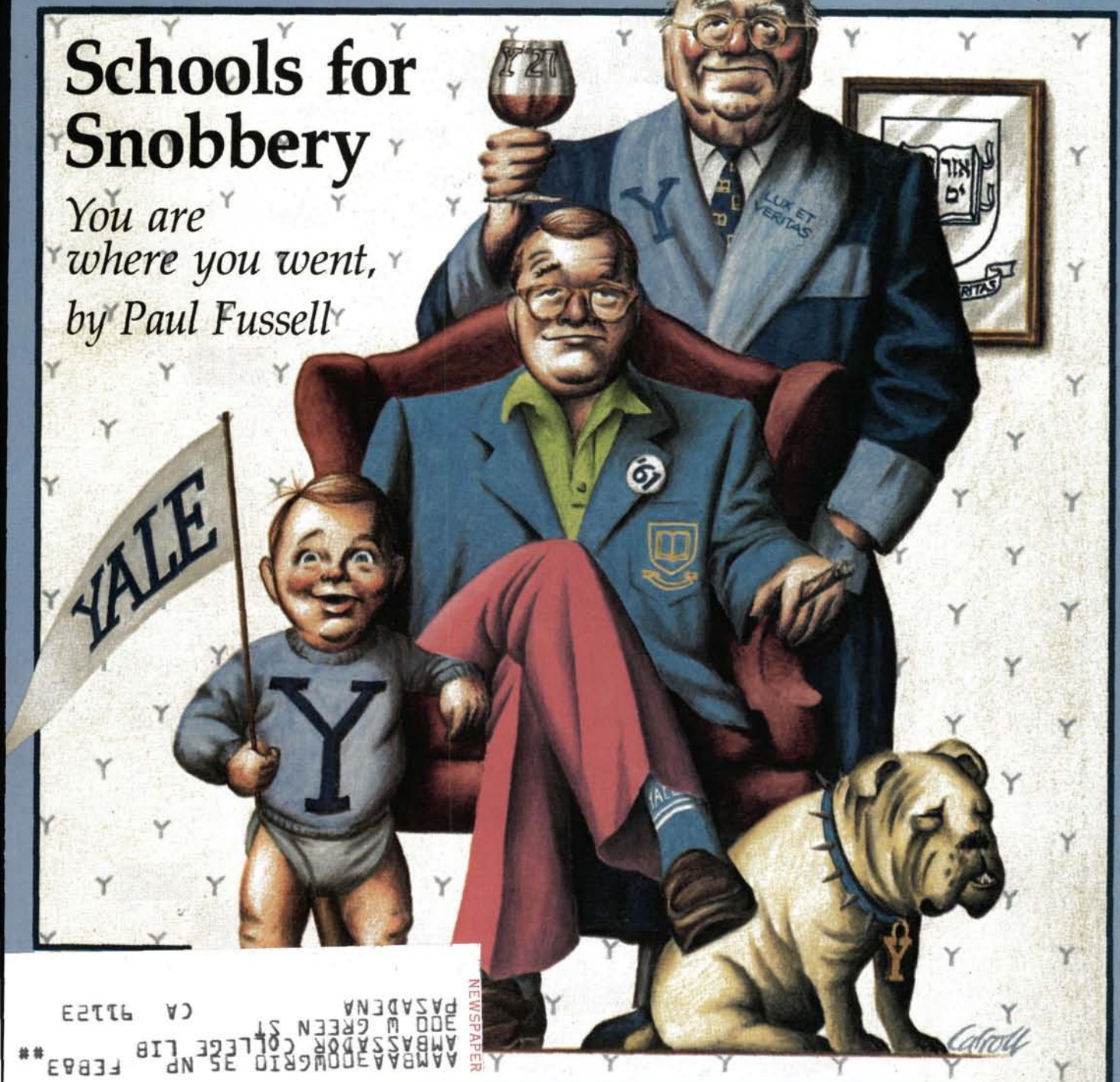

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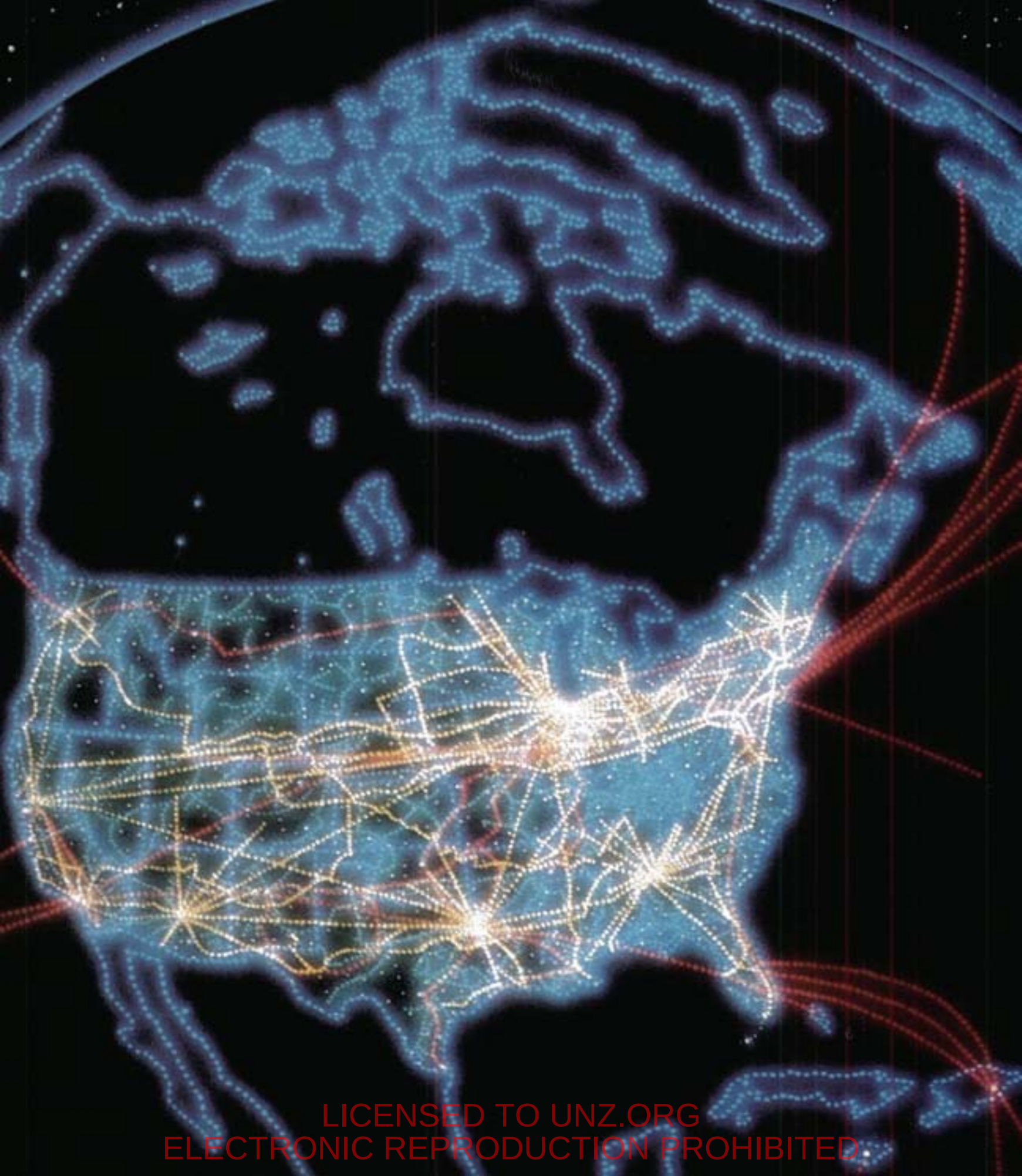

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If it's the best telecommunications system on earth, why on earth change it?

If you've ever tried to make a telephone call anyplace else on earth, you know what you've got in America. The best telecommunications system in the world.

But now you've heard the Bell System is on the verge of major changes. Changes in how we're organized. Changes in the way you can choose to do business with us.

Why change something that works?

There's a very good reason. The telecommunications business itself has changed.

For most of our history, the Bell System has had one overriding goal: universal service. Dependable telephone service at reasonable rates for everyone who wanted it.

Bolstering that goal were government policies determining that telephone companies would operate differently from most American companies. Within many areas of the country, we were to be the exclusive supplier of telecommunications services. And since the Bell System didn't operate in a competitive market, its rates and profits were strictly regulated by the government. But today the goal of universal service has been achieved. Over 96% of American households have telephone service.

Now regulators and legislators in this country are looking more to the marketplace and competition, rather than to regulation, to decide who will provide competitive services and equipment and how they will be priced. In part, this stems from an increasing sentiment in this country for the deregulation of major industries.

But perhaps most important is the fact that technology has changed the future of telecommunications. We are about to enter a new era–the Information Age. The technology of communications gradually has merged with that of computers. The marriage of these two technologies offers the potential for an impressive array of new customer services. However, the blending of these two technologies has also blurred the boundaries between a traditionally regulated industry–communications–and the unregulated data-processing industry.

The combination of all these factors has led to a rethinking of public policies on telecommunications. These changes will require some changes in the Bell System. But we can assure you that your telephone service will still be the best telecommunications system on earth.

Along with your local Bell telephone company, we'll be telling you about any changes as they occur. In ads like this.

In each of these ads you'll find a telephone number. That number is an important part of our "Let's Talk" program.

This program has been set up by the Bell System to help you understand exactly what the changes at the Bell System will mean for you right now. And in the future.

Call us. At 1 800 555-5000.

There'll be somebody to talk to. Somebody to help you. To answer your questions. To get you information.

So call us. **Let's talk.**

Bell System

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CORRESPONDENCE

PLUTONIUM HEAT WAVE

To the editors:

You were right on the mark in your thoughtful and persuasive editorial, "Let's Freeze Plutonium" (TNR, September 6). You addressed precisely the concerns which prompted me to introduce, on April 27, Senate Joint Resolution 192, calling for a worldwide halt to plutonium production.

Until recently the United States was the world leader in discouraging traffic in sensitive, weapons-usable nuclear technologies and materials. The Reagan Administration, however, reversed long-standing U.S. policy and embraced a laissez-faire approach to international nuclear commerce. In its eagerness to establish itself as a "reliable supplier" of nuclear technology and materials, it is doing some impressive legal sharpshooting to circumvent the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Act of 1978.

For example, the Administration recently announced it will waive a critical restriction in our agreement for nuclear cooperation with India without seeking the consent of Congress, as required by U.S. law. Further, the Administration has permitted some U.S. companies to use foreign licensees and subsidiaries to export nuclear material to Pakistan and South Africa—two nations that clearly intend to obtain nuclear weapons and that have not signed the Nonproliferation Treaty.

This trend toward a "free market" in weapons-usable nuclear technology is dangerous. It's also unnecessary. Proliferation-resistant technologies, such as reactors that use natural or low-enriched uranium fuel, can more cheaply meet the energy needs of virtually all countries. Indeed, the price of uranium would have to increase eight-fold from its current price of $20 per pound before the use of plutonium to generate electricity could become economically justifiable. That will not happen until the middle of the next century, if ever. Moreover, nuclear power programs using plutonium fuel cannot, under the present system, be adequately policed to prevent misuse for making nuclear weapons.

Given the unfavorable economics of plutonium, and the difficulty in safeguarding it, the United States must again take the lead in restricting international commerce in sensitive nuclear technologies and materials. The United States can become a "reliable supplier," but it must be a reliable supplier of reliable (and proliferation-resistant) nuclear technology, to reliable customers, under a reliable safeguards system.

THE NEW REPUBLIC endorsed the first important step toward this goal: an international agreement to halt the production of plutonium. My resolution, co-sponsored by Senator Alan Cranston and introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Richard L. Ottinger, calls upon the United States, the Soviet Union, and other plutonium-producing countries to negotiate a verifiable halt in the further export of plutonium and plutonium technology, for civilian or military purposes. It also calls on the U.S. and other nuclear supplier and consumer nations to agree not to use plutonium as a nuclear power reactor fuel, but instead to base civilian nuclear power technology only on non-weapons-usable fuels.

The security of the United States hinges on halting the further spread of nuclear weapons. I agree with TNR that Democrats should make the plutonium freeze a major campaign issue, and I intend to do just that.

GARY HART
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

VISTA REVAMPED

To the editors:

Ann Hulbert's article, "VISTA's Lost Horizons" (TNR, August 30), was insightful and definitely expresses many of the feelings I have as a former VISTA volunteer and a current VISTA supervisor. The efforts of the current Administration to redirect VISTA and then phase it out abruptly should not go on unnoticed.

I have been especially interested in the way President Reagan's new federalism has manifested itself in the ACTION agency. When I was a volunteer, the state ACTION office played the largest role in deciding which projects would be funded. This process involved a proposal review day in which the volunteers themselves participated, making recommendations that were taken into account. Local ideas were directing the program.

Now the director of VISTA has the ultimate authority to say yes or no to any project in the nation. This has resulted in the denial of funds for projects that were recommended both by the state and regional levels. A project here in South Carolina had its funds cut off in the summer of 1981 and was not afforded an opportunity to appeal the decision. The national VISTA office is using its power to fund projects that they support, regardless of opinions at the local, state, and regional levels.

Many people debate over the political philosophy that should govern VISTA activities. However, much of this talk that goes on at high levels seems to be very far removed from what most VISTAs are all about. Simply put, VISTAs are working hard to make their home communities better places to live for everyone. Many strategies are involved to reach this goal; the majority of them constructive. The contributions made by VISTAs must be recognized by the current Administration. Opportunities for volunteer work should exist, and the federal government should play an active role in providing support.

MARK W. HOFFACKER
Columbia, South Carolina

HERPES AND PREGNANCY

To the editors:

In "Harping on Herpes," (TNR, September 13), Ezekiel Emanuel states glibly, "If a woman has active herpes in her birth canal, the baby may contract the virus, which can cause mental retardation and even death. But this is rare . . . and it can be avoided without any risk to the mother or child by cesarean section delivery." On the contrary, "cesarean section surgery is now our nation's leading cause of maternal death," according to Dr. William Matview, founder and board member of the Alternative Birth Crisis Coalition. "One woman dies of every one thousand who go through such an operation, compared to one of four hundred thousand mothers in noninterventive deliveries." Cesarean section surgery is major surgery, and as such always entails risk to the mother.

PATRICIA E. STEINHAUER
West Deptford, New Jersey

CORRECTION: Office gremlins changed the signature on a letter printed in this column in the September 13 issue. The letter signed "Fred Kaplan" was, in fact, from Fred Barnes, of the Baltimore *Sun*.

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4 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On freezing plutonium, phasing out VISTA, &c.

6 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ... POOL REPORTS

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... GOOD IDEA, BAD START
Ronald Reagan's peace plan for the Middle East makes good sense, despite Begin's rejection of it. The real challenge will be to persuade the Arabs.
PAPAL PROFANITY
The bishop of Rome meets the hijacker of Beirut.
SOLIDARITY'S REFUSAL
The Polish democrats reject terrorism.
NOTEBOOK

13 **MORTON KONDRACKE** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: SHULTZ'S FIRST MOVE
Behind the Mideast initiative was some smooth bureaucratic orchestrating by George Shultz—and some strategic thinking by Henry Kissinger.

17 **LAURENCE GRAFSTEIN** ..... WALLOWING IN WASTE
Pepsi-Cola and other pressing Pentagon needs.

19 **DAVID JOEL STEINBERG** ..... COMPADRE COLONIALISM
In eighty-five years of relations with the U.S., the Philippines has gone from enemy to 'little brown brother' to 'showcase for democracy' to one of the third world's most enduring dictatorships.

24 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: ROHMER'S ROAD
Rohmer wastes masterful cinematic technique on a trite, slight TV script in *Le Beau Mariage.*

25 **PAUL FUSSELL** ..... SCHOOLS FOR SNOBBERY
In the absence of titles and tiaras, Americans have something else on which to base our schemes of invidious social distinction: the universities.

32 **LEON WIESELTIER** ..... REBELS WITH A CAUSE
Report from Afghanistan
by Gerard Chaliand

35 **ANNE TYLER** ..... THE MOSAIC OF LIFE
Grace Abounding
by Maureen Howard

36 **MORTON MINTZ** ..... PUSHERS
Prescriptions for Death: The Drugging of the Third World
by Milton Silverman, Philip R. Lee, and Mia Lydecker

38 **ANNE HALLEY** ..... POEM *The Street of Small Porches*

42 **CAMBRIDGE DIARIST** ..... TEACHER'S DIRTY LOOKS

COVER Drawing by Allen Carroll for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 25.

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TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Pool Reports

When reporters cover the President on a trip, they can't all get into Air Force One, so they send a "pool reporter" to cover events aboard. If you know the code, these reports are sometimes wonderfully illuminating. They catch the atmosphere of the Reagan White House: chatty, gossipy, right-wing, and sometimes rather reckless. Here is the pool report of Eleanor Clift of *Newsweek* for other reporters on September 1 at KNBC studios in Burbank, California: "Coptered into the parking lot behind the NBC studios, arriving at 5:15. Before Mark Weinberg cut off the power, the pool was able to see on closed-circuit TV the President preparing for his TV address. A half hour before the telecast, Reagan sat at a makeshift desk at the studio, assumed a Presidential pose, and as the technicians hovered around, stared into the camera and with a completely straight face declared, 'Welcome to Death Valley Days.' "

This gives us a sense of immediacy rare in direct coverage. We learn that as the helicopter landed on its pad, "two unmarked [no seals] Presidential limos carried Reagan and his aides the thirty-three yards to the studio; [Larry] Speakes served as surrogate President in one. Among onlookers on the studio lot was one bystander holding a sign which said NO NUKES." He was the sole spokesman of one of the greatest emotions in the world today.

White House staff and reporters communicate in their own language. The official notice to the press on August 21 concludes at 1:30 PDT: "As of the above time, there is a lid for the day." In other words, no more news. Sometimes there is drama high in the air on Air Force One, as when press secretary Larry Speakes comes back into the press area (as he did at 4:15 p.m. on September 9 between Topeka and Ogden) to tell the pool, "We lost the veto override." That was the 301 to 117 defeat in the House, on the veto of the $14.1-billion supplemental appropriation bill. Reagan insisted on calling it a "budget buster," even though it was $2 billion less than he had asked. The next day the Senate repeated the blow, 60 to 30. The reporters later asked him if he had hard feelings against Republicans who had joined the majority. "No," he answered, "I'm not angry. I'm just terribly hurt."

There is a directness and simplicity about Reagan that is at once attractive and rather terrifying. Government is the enemy, it is too big. He has been preaching this since his television days. The charge is all right as a platitude—everybody is against the tax collector, big government, but can you run a country on this idea? "I'm convinced that in these last few decades, increased intervention by government in the marketplace, tax policies that took too great a percentage of overall earnings, plus burdensome and unnecessary regulations, reduced economic growth and kept us from creating new jobs for newcomers entering the job market." He believes this emotionally; it is his basic dogma. He repeats tag lines from old speeches. Where did he pick up the statistic he used on September 9 at the Republican Party luncheon in Topeka, Kansas, for Alf Landon, that "eight thousand people are receiving Social Security checks and they've been dead an average of seven years?" He goes on whimsically, "There is a little sloppiness that needs to be corrected there!"

What "eight thousand people"; what "seven years"? At a Republican Party picnic at Hooper Park, Utah, on September 10, he uses it again. "We have another task force that is working on fraud and waste. They have brought thousands of indictments. They have done thousands of audits. They have found thousands of people receiving government benefit checks who have been dead seven years. They have saved, so far, in the last six months, $5 billion. . . ." It's the same "seven years," but now "$5 billion" is added. Of course the government is running down fraud all the time, in Social Security checks and in income tax evasions. So far as is known there is nothing new in the energetic Reagan countermeasures.

One of the President's arresting platform charges, made in Kansas recently, is in another sphere: "When we took office twenty months ago, on any given day half the airplanes in our military could not fly for lack of spare parts. Almost the same percentage of naval vessels couldn't leave port for lack of spare parts and machinery or lack of full crews to send them out. . . . Yes, we stepped up defense spending." It is hard to believe that even the amiable Reagan accepts the full implications of such startling declarations. Nobody in Congress seems to.

I thought Ronald Reagan's Middle East peace initiative was splendid, and was delighted to toss it into the Administration's account on the plus side just as I was getting discouraged with so many negative matters, such as the President's stance on crime. In his pretentious appeal to the nation on crime, he didn't mention the obvious matter of gun control. The FBI has just figured that there were 22,516 murder victims last year in the U.S. Other sources indicate that about half of these people were killed by handguns. Every poll for fifty years shows that the U.S. public wants stricter handgun control. According to Milton Eisenhower in his book, *The President is Calling*, "Every civilized nation of the world other than our own has comprehensive national policies of gun control." But the pro-gun National Rifle Association says "No," and Congress doesn't act. Now, in the strangely disappointing Reagan Administration, the President can come out against crime with a fanfare for tightening the laws of jurisprudence (the insanity defense, and that sort of thing), but not mention gun control at all.

Reagan wants a lot of constitutional amendments but none is likely to pass. He wants to end budget deficits by an amendment that makes them unconstitutional. He advocates prayer in public schools (which the Supreme Court has banned). He would change the law to allow tuition credits for private schools. Some conservatives aren't happy. Senator Bob Packwood, Republican of Oregon, for example, chairman of the National Republican Senatorial Committee, says Reagan's proposed antiabortion amendment drives "one more nail in the coffin" of Republican fortunes. Well, you can't win them all! Think how he's fixed up the U.S. Navy so that the other half can now go to sea.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 4, 1982

GOOD IDEA, BAD START

In the entire history of the conflict between Israel and the Arabs—more specifically, between Jewish nationalism and Palestinian nationalism—there has been only one good and fair idea for the resolution of the conflict, and that is partition. The peace plan that President Reagan put forward on September 1 is based upon the idea of partition, and it deserves praise.

The President, in a sensitive and sophisticated speech, made his position clear: "The United States will not support the establishment of an independent Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza, and we will not support annexation or permanent control by Israel." Of course this has been the American position for a long time. But the President did more than say what he will not support; he said what he will support. This was a break with the past. The United States had always withheld its views about the final disposition of the disputed territories, for the sake of its role as an "honest broker" between the parties. No more. The United States now has a goal not only for the beginning of the peace process, but for its end as well. That goal is "self-government by the Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza in association with Jordan."

This does not contradict Camp David so much as it completes it. The linkage with Jordan that the Administration envisages is perfectly consistent with the concept of autonomy outlined at Camp David. The Palestinians, according to the Reagan plan, will start with the five-year period of autonomy, the "transitional arrangement" prescribed by Camp David, and after five years they will remain autonomous, but under the authority of Jordan. The autonomy that the President has in mind, however, like the autonomy conceived at Camp David, is no trifling matter. It is a considerable political enfranchisement—"the peaceful and orderly transfer of domestic authority from Israel to the Palestinian inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza," as the President put it. This is "full" autonomy, that is, the administration of virtually all of the people's affairs by the people themselves—social, political, economic, and cultural self-government, and "progressive Palestinian responsibility for internal security." It stops short only of sovereignty.

That is the plan for the people. There is also a plan for the land. President Reagan defined its principle as "an exchange of territory for peace." He invoked U.N. Resolution 242, the proof text for all Middle East peace plans, in this connection. But he did not do so mechanically, without proper regard for the gravity of the withdrawal from the West Bank for Israel. First, he made it clear that the territory that is returned will be returned only to Jordan. Second, he agreed that the 1967 borders are unacceptable, that the security of Israel requires more strategic depth than it had before 1967, and that the final border will be determined in negotiations. Third, and most impressively, the President declared that "our view on the extent to which Israel should be asked to give up territory will be heavily affected by the extent of true peace and normalization" of the five-year period of transition, and by "the security arrangements offered in return." This last provision demonstrates that the President has understood Camp David well. The purpose of the five-year plan was precisely to normalize relations between the men and women on both sides of the 1967 lines, to take the poison out of the air; and the political and military arrangements that would be made after five years would be determined precisely by how much poison had been removed. In other words, Israel will be asked to remove its troops from most of the West Bank only in a situation in which such removal seems plausible from the standpoint of its security.

These are the broad outlines of what *The Economist* called "Camp Santa Barbara." For the beginning of the peace process, and for the fate of the occupied people, the President concurred with the thinking of Menachem Begin; but for the end of the peace process, and for the fate of the occupied land, he concurred with the

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thinking of Shimon Peres. "Camp Santa Barbara" is Camp David plus the Labor Party. Those familiar with the views of the Labor Party will recognize its ideas of "territorial compromise" and "the Jordanian option" in the Reagan plan. We have argued for these ideas many times in the past, and we will continue to argue for them. They are the contemporary incarnation of the idea of partition, corrected for thirty-five years of war and terrorism. Israel cannot dominate or absorb the Arab population of the West Bank and Gaza without debasing itself morally or politically, and it has no need of all the territory that it seized when it saved itself in 1967; but it cannot ignore its experience of its neighbors' enmity. Partition is not as simple now as it was then, though the principle is still just. Israel must eventually return most of the land only to an Arab authority that has no designs upon Israel.

Not surprisingly, Prime Minister Begin was swift to scorn the Reagan plan. It flies in the face of much that he believes. It called for a "settlement freeze" (the President has apparently been impressed by the popularity of the metaphor), whereas Mr. Begin contends, in his Cabinet's communiqué, that "such settlement is a Jewish inalienable right and an integral part of our national security," and that "settlements are legal." (On the latter point the President, and most students of history and law, have already agreed.) The Reagan plan called for "full" autonomy, whereas Mr. Begin, in all the negotiations since Camp David, has advanced a definition of autonomy noteworthy mainly for its parsimony; he would allow the Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza to take charge of only the pettiest and least political of their affairs. And the Reagan plan called for the evacuation of the West Bank and Gaza, and the renunciation of Israeli sovereignty over the area, which is exactly what Mr. Begin lives to oppose. As he wrote in a letter to Mr. Reagan a few days after the plan was presented, "the truth is that millenia ago there was a Jewish kingdom of Judea and Samaria where our kings knelt to God, where our prophets brought forth the vision of eternal peace." What God gives, in other words, no President can take away.

Mr. Begin's government's rejection of the Reagan plan has won a great deal of attention. The Prime Minister is cast in his customary role as the spoiler. Israel, say the makers of opinion, is being intransigent again. Mr. Reagan, if his plan is to succeed, must stand up to Mr. Begin, and so on. What this leaves out, as usual, are the historical and political contexts in which judgments about "Palestine" must be made. The prospects for the Reagan plan must be seen against the background of the Arab-Israeli conflict, which shows clearly that if the plan is to succeed there is more work to be done on the Arab side than on the Israeli.

The plan has many things going for it in Israel. There is, for example, the splendid political system of the Jewish state. The foreign policy of Israel must be acceptable to its citizens, who debate its merits vigorously and vote on it. Mr. Peres, in what may be his greatest challenge in opposition, has announced that the Labor Party will launch a major national debate about the American proposals. And Mr. Begin, a pious Jew with profound parliamentary habits, has also declared his willingness to take these proposals before the Israeli public; he appears to be seriously contemplating a new national election as a referendum on the Reagan plan. And there is the American Jewish community, which is rather less muzzled than its critics habitually contend. The heads of the B'nai Brith, the American Jewish Committee, and the American-Israel Public Affairs Committee (the infamous Israeli lobby) have all praised the President's plan, differing dramatically with the government of Israel whose puppets they are said to be. American policymakers can take heart from the democratic manner in which the Jews, American and Israeli, conduct their public affairs. But they must not attempt to manipulate the debate, as a report in *The Washington Post* by John Goshko suggests they might, by threatening the Israeli public with "isolation from the United States." That will doom the Reagan plan as surely as Mr. Begin's Bible. The Administration has put its plan before the Jews, who are considering it. Now it must be patient.

IT NEED NOT BE quite as patient, however, with the Arabs. Where there is no democracy, foreign policy is easily made. According to press reports, the Administration is "working on the assumption that Jordan will eventually cooperate." Jordan is required, naturally, for the Jordanian option. But is Jordan there for the United States? "We didn't have a clear green light," according to a high Administration official, "but we did have an amber light." That is King Hussein: forever amber. The Reagan plan, he says, is "very constructive" and "very positive"; and the Fez plan is "a very dramatic step," and "a very important development." And it was in Fez, not in Amman, that the Arab response to the Reagan plan came. There the light was not even amber. In Fez there was no light. The heads of twenty Arab governments adopted a peace plan of their own, known as the "Fez Charter." It specifies "the withdrawal of Israel from all Arab territories occupied in 1967, including Arab Al Qods" (East Jerusalem), "the dismantling of settlements," the "establishment of an independent Palestinian state with Al Qods as its capital," the recognition of the PLO as "the sole and legitimate representative" of the Palestinians, and a "Security Council guarantee [of] peace among all states of the region including the independent Palestinian state." In sum: if you liked the Fahd plan, you'll love the Fez plan. Its last clause is the most recent Arab formula for recognizing Israel without recognizing Israel. (Secretary of State George Shultz is more sanguine about it. "So that is a breakthrough," he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "a genuine breakthrough.") The clause before is particularly

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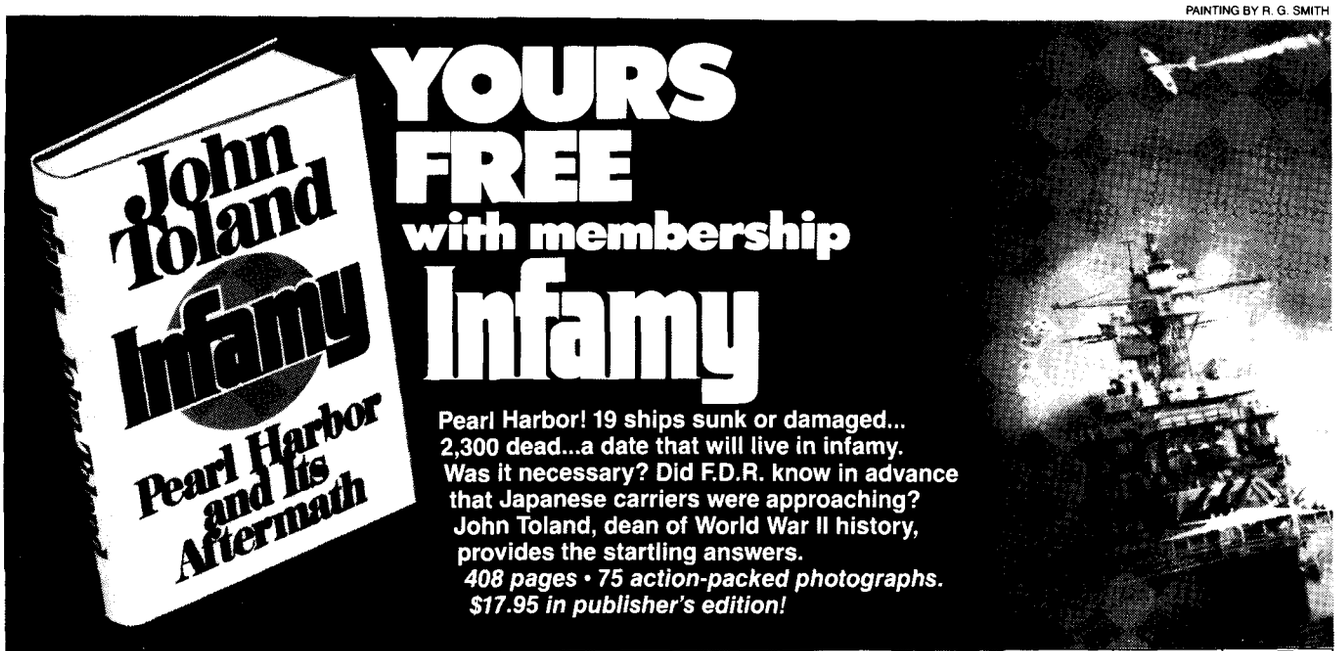

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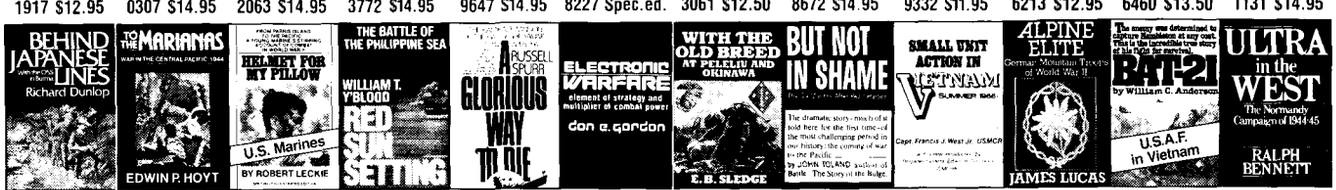
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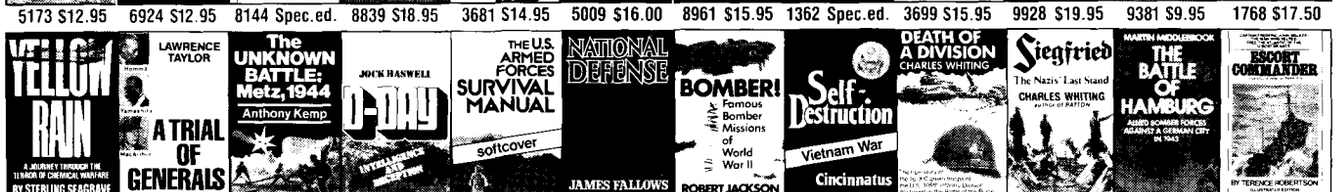
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damaging to the American plan, which requires the repeal, or at least the revision, of the resolution at Rabat in 1974. As King Hussein observed this week, the Arabs at Fez made it clear again that Jordan cannot negotiate the future of Palestinians. Only the PLO can do that. Indeed, by bringing the PLO to the fore, and by calling only for "peace" for all states in the region where the Fahd plan spoke of "rights," the Arabs at Fez have made the maximalism of Fahd more maximal. The Fez plan is really a refinement of the Fahd plan for the sake of the rejectionists. It appeases Yasir Arafat, and Hafez Assad; and it repudiates the Americans.

THE FEZ PLAN will not be placed before the Arab masses. No Arab government will be endangered by it. The Reagan plan, in short, does not have a chance in the Arab world. The reason for this may be found in the history of the idea of partition. In 1947 the Jews agreed to partition Palestine, and thereby agreed to a Palestinian state in an area much larger than the West Bank and Gaza. The Arabs did not. Instead, they attacked. The Palestinian state did not come into being as a consequence of the Arab attempt to prevent the Jewish state from coming into being. The idea of partition, then, has no political or ideological basis in Arab nationalism. It *is* the political and ideological basis, on the other hand, of the major current in Jewish nationalism. The Zionism that built the state believed in partition. There was a Zionism, to be sure, that did not, and the leader of that Zionism is now in power. Before 1977, when the Likud won a plurality in Israel's election, in some measure because the Arabs made Begin seem right, Israeli governments accepted partition and Arab governments did not. Since 1977 neither of them do. That is all that has changed. It was not a change for the better, but it is a change that may be reversed. A greater change, and one that is less easily managed, must take place among the Arabs. It is an Israeli idea, after all, that the United States has adopted. What was televised from the studios in Burbank was the Allon plan. (After the 1967 war Yigal Allon proposed that Israel keep a military presence on the outer reaches of the West Bank, but return all the populated areas of the disputed territory to Jordan.)

The hardening at Fez, however, does not exhaust the Arab reaction to the President's plan. Egypt was not present at Fez—it is suspended from the ranks of these Arabs who want peace because it made peace—but its president was quick to establish that he preferred the American plan to the Arab plan. The Fez proposals, he observed, are impractical, while the Reagan proposals are based upon a peace process that already exists. The former won't work, in other words, while the latter might—this is the sensible view of a man who really wants a solution, and not merely sentiments. Another such man, Mayor Elias Freij of Bethlehem, took the same position. He wrote Mr. Reagan to congratulate him for his plan "to end the sufferings of the Palestinian people and to bring peace and security for all the nations of the Middle East." And he, too, immediately interpreted Fez as a new reason for Palestinian hopelessness, and rejected it. (We hope he does not lose his job.) The Fez plan may be known, then, by its Arab opponents. The pragmatists will not hear of it.

By revealing what it wants for the West Bank, the Reagan Administration has transformed the American role in all future negotiations. This is a large risk, because all future negotiations will require the good offices of the United States. The risk will be worth it only if the Administration is prepared to do what must be done to make its plan work, and bring pressure where pressure must be brought—upon the Arabs. Unfortunately Secretary of State Shultz seems to think differently. According to the *The Washington Post*, the strategy he has outlined for selling the President's plan focuses almost exclusively upon "trying to moderate Begin's hard-line policies." Nothing could be less productive. It is Jordan that he must deliver. Whatever Mr. Begin may think, no Israeli government will last long that keeps King Hussein waiting at a negotiating table. The Administration must prove that it is serious about peace, and not merely about its standing in the Arab world. Reagan's plan is truly a plan for peace, if he makes every effort to persuade the Arabs, who are the oldest obstacle to peace; but if he does not it is only a plan for putting the screws on Israel yet again, and for showing the Saudis that America's hands are clean.

Mr. Begin's patter about prophets and kings must be sharply distinguished from his legitimate concerns about security, even if they are sometimes confused in his own mind. A good test of U.S. understanding for these concerns will be Lebanon. Mr. Reagan's speech implied that events in Lebanon are no longer a danger to Israeli security, and all attention must now go to the West Bank and Gaza. The war in Lebanon, however, may not be over. The assassination of Lebanon's President-elect Bashir Gemayel may have destroyed the best chance for peace and reconstruction in Lebanon. Mr. Gemayel was no saint, but he was determined to recreate a sovereign Lebanon, free from foreign armies, and at peace with Israel. He was killed by those for whom the prospect of such a Lebanon was intolerable. The explosion of a 440-pound bomb expertly detonated in a heavily guarded building indicates that this was not the work of amateurs or random assassins. His ascendancy had been a blow to Syria, the PLO, and extreme Moslem factions in Lebanon.

But Mr. Gemayel's death will do more than abort Lebanon's reconstruction. It sends a message to any Arab leader, like King Hussein, who dares contemplate peace with Israel. Gemayel's assassination is now added to that of Abdullah, Hussein's grandfather, and Anwar Sadat, earlier victims of "the peace process." The rhetoric of Fez cannot obscure the fact that in the Arab world, even after thirty-four years of war, contemplating peace with Israel is still a capital crime.

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Papal Profanity

Last week the world received the most damning proof yet of papal fallibility, when Pope John Paul II "greeted" Yasir Arafat. Such a "greeting," according to the Vatican, is something less than a proper papal audience; and yet this was an event of great significance. The meeting was more a matter of morality than of power; the Pope has no divisions and Yasir Arafat almost none. It was an exercise in symbolism; but that symbolism may have real political consequences.

The symbolism is shocking. The vicar of the Prince of Peace welcomes the man who revived terrorism in our time. The leader of the world's 700 million Catholics embraces the man who massacred the Maronite Christians of Lebanon, in formal union with the Church of Rome since the early years of the eighteenth century—on the very morrow of the Maronite leader's murder. This is spiritual delinquency of a very high order. And that is not all. The Italian police have established again and again that the Red Brigades' tutor in terrorist tactics, and its principal weapons supplier, was the organization whose chairman the Pope received in Rome.

The literary writings of Karol Wojtyla are filled with dithyrambs to the idea of self-determination, and perhaps the Pope is in sympathy with Mr. Arafat as a nationalist. But it is not the legitimacy of Palestinian nationalism that the world questions; it is the legitimacy of Jewish nationalism. The PLO's covenant denies that the Jews are a nation, and that they have a right to determine their own future in the form of a state; and this idea has been given wide currency by the infamous U.N. resolution that declared that Zionism was racism. By meeting with Mr. Arafat, the Pope is enhancing the moral standing of the man most responsible for calling into question the peoplehood of the Jews, which is the intellectual precondition for destroying it. There is a historical background to the event. The Vatican has never really come to grips with the reality of the Jewish state, with the fact of Jewish sovereignty in the Holy Land. The Jews, after all, are no longer *verus israel*, the true Israel, and they should enjoy no authority over the sacred shrines and the sacred soil. In 1948 Pope Pius XII launched a vicious propaganda campaign against Israel to keep Jerusalem out of Jewish hands, though he had been beatifically indifferent to the prospect of a Moslem regime in the city. Pope Paul VI intervened on behalf of Archbishop Hilarion Capucci, who was smuggling weapons to Palestinian terrorists in Israel. And now Pope John Paul II breaks new ground in the Holy See's hostility to Israel, by opening the Vatican to the man who has vowed to destroy the Jewish state.

The meeting opens other wounds as well. A senior Israeli official was reminded of the inaction of the Church during the Holocaust, which a Vatican communiqué immediately called an "outrage to truth." It is not. There were, to be sure, good and brave pastors who did what they could for the doomed Jews of Europe, and Karol Wojtyla was among them. But the indifference of Pius XII to the extermination of the Jews has been incontrovertibly documented. It is a permanent stain; and it has left the Jews of this century in a permanent state of sensitivity about the relationship of the papacy to their enemies. You do not have to believe that Mr. Arafat is like Hitler to feel that something is terribly wrong again. It is impossible not to be reminded of the Church's age-old attitude toward the Jews, and to wonder whether its ancient animus against their synagogue lives on in its present animus against their state.

"My depths are seen into, I am seen through and through," begins one of Karol Wojtyla's poems. They are, and he is. His meeting with Yasir Arafat is a truly profane event.

Solidarity's Refusal

A memorable image from last week's television news: a gaunt ascetic-looking young man, a spokesman for Solidarity-in-exile, seated in front of a bare table in an otherwise unfurnished room, condemns the seizure of the Polish Embassy in Switzerland by unknown terrorists. The condemnation is unequivocal. The young man is asked not whether he planned the takeover, not whether he now supports it, but whether he feels any sympathy at all with the terrorists. He hesitates for a moment and then says flatly, "No, for both the means they have chosen and the likely effects of their action are negative."

It has become one of the minor commonplaces of contemporary political analysis that terrorism is the weapon of the weak. But that is clearly wrong, for Solidarity today is desperately weak. Its leaders are in prison, or in hiding, or in exile; its members and militants are dispersed, beaten, terrorized by the police. At this point, it seems incapable of organizing and sustaining a general strike. It has no prospect of legal recognition. Yet it is strong in its own political commitments and in its collective sense of honor. And these exclude the taking of hostages and the murder of innocent people.

Terrorism is the weapon of those who choose to become terrorists. The Polish government has made this choice, and now some obscure group of gunmen has seconded it: but not the workers and intellectuals of Solidarity. By refusing terror, Solidarity holds open the possibility of a democratic struggle—and of a democratic victory. There is a lesson here for other political movements.

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NOTEBOOK

□ SO WHO DO you like in the big corporate acquisition superbowl? Bendix was looking good in the first quarter, but then Martin Marietta went to the bench and called in a new backfield from United Technologies.Those guys can throw the long bomb. It's macho as hell, and it's all great sport, but is it good business? Is it even good capitalism? In spare moments from approving corporate ads that extol the virtues of risk-taking, all the executives concerned have voted themselves—wonderful phrase—golden parachutes. For example, William Agee, Bendix's chairman, is guaranteed $805,000 a year through 1987. In other words, if Agee leads his company to disaster, his punishment will be to loll on a beach somewhere for five years at $15,480 *per week.* This is what is known as incentive, or the free market, or something. How much will all this add to America's productive capacity? Don't ask. To recap: at the end of the first half, the score is United Bendix Marietta 0, Japan 36.

□ WITH THIS ISSUE, Leon Wieseltier joins the staff of THE NEW REPUBLIC as a senior editor. Mr. Wieseltier was educated at Columbia, Oxford, and Harvard, where he spent the last three years as a member of the Society of Fellows. He has been a contributing editor of TNR since 1979, and he is also a contributing editor of *Partisan Review.*

□ TIMOTHY NOAH, who has spent the past two years writing crisp articles about everything from workfare to vivisection for THE NEW REPUBLIC, has moved on to larger, if not greener, pastures. He has joined the editorial staff of the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times.* Gotham slumlords please note: Mr. Noah is looking for an affordable apartment.

□ CONTRIBUTING EDITOR Paul Fussell, who wrote TNR's cover story this week, "Schools For Snobbery," has just published a new collection of essays, *The Boy Scout Handbook and Other Observations* (Oxford University Press).

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The number of the unemployed is now almost everywhere admitted to be at least ten millions, and may be as many as twelve. Their dependents probably constitute at least another ten or twelve millions, and millions more are on part-time work which does not give them money enough to meet their necessities. In all, thirty or thirty-five million people may need some degree of assistance this winter. Against this fact is the increasing exhaustion of all funds, public and private." (Editorial, October 5, 1932.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

SHULTZ'S FIRST MOVE

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S new Middle East initiative illustrates some good things about the substance and formulation of foreign policy as the Administration approaches its halfway point in office. Ronald Reagan himself, despite his inexperience with the nuances of Mideast policy, despite a heavy bombardment of new information from the Arab point of view, and despite repeated frustrations at the hands of the Begin government, has remained steady in his dedication to Israel's security. Reagan's new Secretary of State, George Shultz, despite his previous close business connections with (and possible personal bias toward) Saudi Arabia, impresses both Arabists and pro-Israelis in the Administration as a fair-minded analyst, a prescient planner, a patient negotiator, and a respectful and persuasive counselor to the President. The Administration has matured to the point that it can take advantage of the resources of old Reagan enemies such as Henry Kissinger and Jimmy Carter, and do so publicly. It also seems to have learned how to concoct a major policy move in secret, even when bureaucrats of widely differing views are involved. The Middle East initiative seems based on sound strategy—the inclusion of Jordan in the Camp David peace process—and involved the clever tactic of trying to use Israeli hostility to win Arab acceptance. The plan won bipartisan raves in the U.S. and dampened Arab anger at the U.S. over Lebanon. In spite of all this, however, the prospects for producing real Mideast peace remain gloomy.

Critics well may ask—and some have—why it took the Administration twenty months to decide how to approach what everybody understands to be one of the world's most difficult and dangerous problems. In retrospect, it appears that the Administration did lose valuable time from January to June 1981 in waiting for Menachem Begin's defeat and anticipating that the election of a Labor government would permit Carter's Camp David process to be dropped in favor of an alternative that President Reagan could gain credit for. But it's also true that even before Begin's election victory, the Administration had to face a continuing series of crises in the Middle East—the Baghdad reactor bombing, Anwar Sadat's assassination, the fight over Awacs, Israel's annexation of the Golan Heights —which left little time for pursuing long-term strategies. "All of a sudden, it was 1982," said one planner. "We had to wait for Israel to return the Sinai. And then came Lebanon." It did not help that former Secretary of State Alexander Haig wanted to make policy by himself along with only a few trusted aides, cutting out much of the State Department bureaucracy.

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It's a matter of dispute in the Administration whether any Mideast initiative would have emerged if Haig had stayed, but it's clear it would not have emerged in quite the same collegial, cooperative, and confidential way that it did under Shultz. The process began in mid-July, about the time Shultz was confirmed as Secretary of State, when Beirut was under Israeli shelling. One Administration official said, "It was clear that unless we changed the drill, as soon as the PLO actually left we faced a protracted series of negotiations over Lebanon—to get the Israelis out and the Syrians out, and to get the country reconstructed and the various militias sorted out. Once we got into that agenda, we'd lose momentum on the Palestinian issue. And unless we addressed that issue, there was no way to overcome profound Arab suspicions about our alleged collusion with the Israelis. We had increasingly tense relations with Egypt. The Gulf states were panicked over both Israel and Iran. Overall in the Middle East, there was serious concern about U.S. leadership. All of these factors made it imperative that we take bold action." Another Administration official said, "What's remarkable is that Shultz didn't know when or maybe even whether we'd be able to put a Middle East peace initiative into operation, but he did see the need to plan one in case the occasion arose. That's what I call strategic thinking."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Shultz was sworn in as Secretary of State on July 16, and on July 17, a Saturday, he spent a full day in meetings with Middle East advisers—first with a group of State Department officials, including deputy secretary Walter Stoessel Jr. and undersecretary Lawrence Eagleburger, assistant secretary Nicholas Veliotes and Camp David autonomy expert Richard Fairbanks, and then with Kissinger and another group of experts, including former Dupont Corporation chairman Irving Shapiro, a former ambassador to Yugoslavia, Laurence Silberman, deputy national security adviser Robert McFarlane, CIA analyst Robert Ames, and State Department policy planning staff director Paul D. Wolfowitz.

"It's very simple what happened in that meeting," one State Department official said. "Kissinger sold the Allon plan to Shultz. All else is commentary." Other officials quibble about whether the Reagan plan really is the Allon plan—the proposal to give most of the West Bank back to Jordan in return for peace—but participants at the July 17 meeting agree that it was "heavily dominated" by Kissinger. One said, "It was almost a Kissinger monologue." Kissinger's major contribution, said another official, "was to convince Shultz that Jordan's involvement was the way to go, not the PLO's." Yet another said, "Kissinger convinced Shultz that the U.S. should give the Arabs the long-term hope that they could get the West Bank back in exchange for peace."

Following the July 17 meeting, a working group was set up that managed to maintain extraordinary secrecy, especially given the bureaucratic and policy differences represented by its members. The group included Veliotes and top deputies of his State Department bureau for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs (abbreviated NEA), which is generally regarded as the locus of Arabist sentiment in the government; Wolfowitz, a noncareerist, neoconservative former Pentagon official in the Carter Administration and a strong supporter of Israel; Eagleburger, a careerist close to both Kissinger and Haig; and McFarlane, Haig's former State Department counselor and now top assistant to White House National Security adviser William Clark. Pro-Israelis consider it a good sign that Shultz included Wolfowitz in the planning group and also that he consulted leading American Jews, including Michigan industrialist Max Fisher. Pro-Palestinians consider it progress that the secretary brought in NEA after its exclusion by Haig.

Shultz has gained a reputation among both groups

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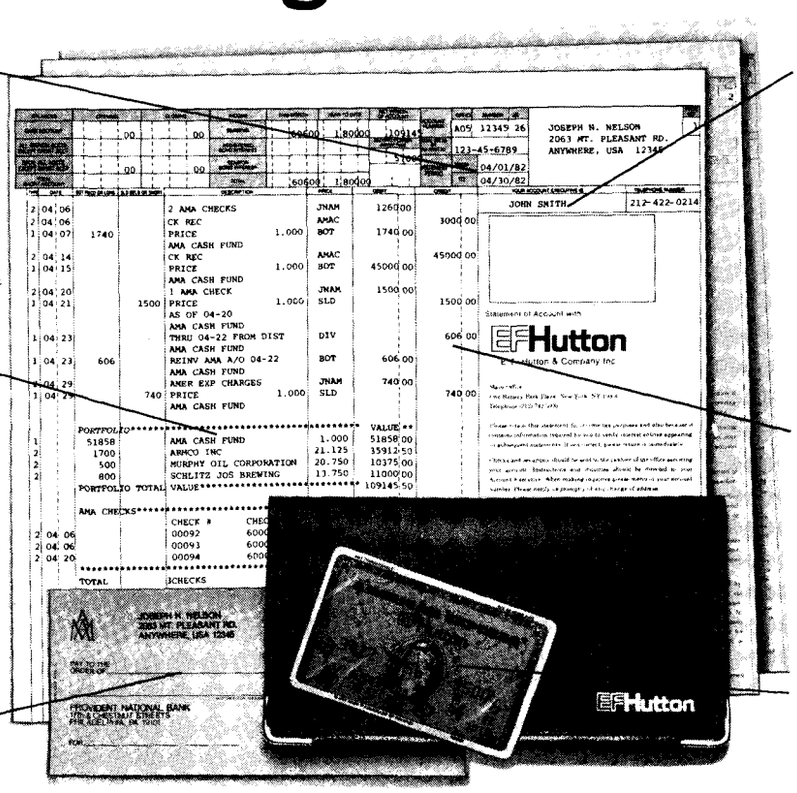

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for fairness and the ability to listen. "He is not the pro-Saudi businessman we feared he was," said a strong Administration supporter of Israel. "He is no Weinberger. He is very smart, very shrewd, a serious man." Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger's influence may be waning with Shultz's arrival. The Pentagon played a minor role in the Reagan initiative, and Weinberger's trip to the Mideast seems to have been made against Shultz's wishes. Weinberger reportedly also offended Clark by telling him Shultz approved of the trip.

Backers of Israel still regard Reagan as their strongest ally. "Shultz takes it as an important part of his job to follow the President's lead," one of them said. Another official reported that at one early meeting of the working group, Shultz asked, "Does anybody here think we ought to come out for creation of an independent Palestinian state?" When no one responded, Shultz reportedly volunteered, "I don't think so, and if I did, the President would tell me to knock it off." Reagan reportedly has shocked visiting Arab foreign ministers by referring to PLO members as "terrorists," and on one occasion explained to a group of officials that Israel could mobilize 700,000 men in forty-eight hours in the event of a Mideast crisis. "If they couldn't do that," Reagan said, "we'd have to."

IN VIEW OF the President's basic stance, so-called "NEA hardliners" contributing to the working group's deliberations reportedly could try only to alter the emerging Reagan policy at the margins—to soften U.S. opposition to the creation of an independent Palestinian state and to harden opposition to Israeli settlements in the West Bank and eventual Israeli sovereignty. They argued for language promising Palestinian "self-determination," which is a code word for an independent state and for "flexibility" in approaching the PLO. Most disputes seem to have been resolved in Israel's favor, although some outsiders charge that NEA succeeded in making the Administration's actual negotiating proposals harder-line than U.S. policy as stated in President Reagan's speech.

Shultz's planning group met at Camp David with White House counselor Edwin Meese on August 14, and on August 19, the same hectic day as Reagan's tax hike victory in Congress, Shultz gave Reagan a major briefing on the government's agreed proposal and got Reagan's approval. Reagan took off for his delayed California vacation with the time and manner of the plan's unveiling still undecided. Although Meese and the President's three other top aides—Baker, Deaver, and Clark—knew about the plan, the rest of the White House was kept in the dark until a few days before Reagan delivered his speech on September 1. The first draft, a short document that contained the kernel of Reagan's plan, was prepared by State Department officers Charles Hill and Edward Walker. It arrived at the White House on Tuesday, August 31, and was expanded, given historical content, and "made Presidential" by National Security Council aides Geoffrey Kemp and Howard Taicher until early Wednesday morning. The original plan was for Reagan to deliver the address Thursday, but ABC News broke a story on it Tuesday night, and the Israeli government began leaking negative accounts of its contents on Wednesday. On Wednesday the Kemp-Taicher text was worked over further by White House chief speechwriter Aram Bakshian and communications director David Gergen, with revisions sent out to California and back by DACOM, a secure telecopier system.

WHITE HOUSE AIDES maintain that the President's policy and speech were prepared without input from pollsters, but with confidence that an initiative in which the President is showing peacemaking leadership is good politics. Domestic approval surpassed White House expectations, including (at least qualifiedly) even some major Jewish organizations that split in emphasis—if not substance—from the harshly disapproving stance of the Begin government. Reportedly the Israeli Embassy in Washington—headed by Deputy Chief of Mission Ben Netanyahu, filling in for Ambassador Moshe Arens, who was in Israel with junketing Secretary Weinberger—advised the government to "accentuate the positive" in responding to Reagan.

Begin did not do so, of course, but his rejection was expected—in some quarters, welcomed—by the Administration. Officials said they hoped Begin's rage would convince the Arabs, especially Jordan's King Hussein, to approve Reagan's plan. The Administration hoped that Hussein could convince the Arab summiteers at Fez, Morocco, to amend their 1974 decision designating the PLO "sole" representative of the Palestinian people to "principal" representative, permitting Jordan to play a negotiating role. Administration strategists hoped to set up a competition among various Arab parties—the PLO, Jordan, and West Bank residents—to outdo each other in showing flexibility toward Israel. Meanwhile, with the Arabs offering olive branches, U.S. officials hoped to create a moral and political crisis in Israel that would either force Menachem Begin to give up his dreams of annexing the West Bank or lead to his defeat.

It all amounted to a shrewd plan. The only problem is that both of the two sides to the Arab-Israeli dispute reject it—Begin hotly and the Arabs more politely but no less decisively. Begin now makes it unambiguously clear that he wants Israel to have the West Bank forever. The Arabs are not willing to declare, even conditionally, that they will accept Israel's right to exist. Under these circumstances, even given a Kissinger strategy, Shultz's negotiating ability, and Reagan's communications skills, it is difficult to see that peace in the Mideast is any closer.

MORTON KONDRACKE

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How does the Pentagon spell relief?

WALLOWING IN WASTE

THE STORY WOULD fit nicely in Ronald Reagan's catalog of anecdotes, maybe next to the one about the food-stamp recipient who bought a bottle of vodka with his spare change. The President would explain that a free-spending federal agency had signed a contract with a local Pepsi-Cola bottler to provide soft drinks for agency employees. Then the price of sugar rose drastically, putting the shortsighted Pepsi distributor in a financial pinch. Eyes twinkling, the President would recount that some bureaucrat in a puzzle palace on the Potomac then rewrote the contract unilaterally, with good ol' Uncle Sap shelling out for the soda pop company's $22,000 misjudgment. Waste and fraud, he would intone, sounding a favorite refrain.

But this story, unlike many of Reagan's, happens to be true, and it is probably not one he would relish telling. The perpetrator of the waste here happens to be the United States Army, which compensated the Pepsi bottler in 1975 on the grounds that such an award would "facilitate the national defense." Invoking a law known as P.L. 85-804, the Department of Defense has paid an extra $1.3 billion since 1971 to businesses which, for various reasons, contracted with the Pentagon but then found the government funds they requested insufficient. The law, based on a 1941 statute, is commonly called "extraordinary contractual relief." It was designed to give the government leeway to increase a contractor's payment—even if the contractor has no legal right to the extra money, and without Congressional approval—if it would "facilitate" national security. The intention was that such relief should be reserved for emergency situations. But according to a study by the Washington office of the Better Government Association, extra funds have been approved in a number of cases that seem to have little or no connection to national security.

Admittedly, a paltry billion dollars or so spent over the course of a decade doesn't amount to much when compared with the Pentagon's huge outlays. Nor does the ten-year total of approved applications for extraordinary relief—some 2,300—constitute a significant percentage of the contracts on file in the Pentagon at any time. (More than five million procurement actions were taken by DOD officers in the first half of fiscal 1982 alone.) There is also a valid distinction between the normal standards of administrative efficiency and the abnormal requirements of an effective military. What is disturbing about the abuse of P.L. 85-804 is the potential for actually weakening national security—by rewarding contractors for a job poorly done.

About three quarters of all applications for extraordinary relief receive the approval of one of the DOD military services. In addition, NASA, the Government Printing Office, and the departments of Energy, the Interior, the Treasury, Agriculture, Commerce, and Transportation all have authority to dispense money under 85-804, although they rarely take advantage of the privilege. Congress must be notified of any award exceeding $25 million, and any grant above $50,000 must be approved by an assistant secretary or his deputy. The BGA's investigation indicates that although DOD officials do not always flout the intent of the statute, they often interpret its spirit somewhat liberally. The connection between national security and the supply of Pepsi at Colorado's Fort Carson, for example, seems tenuous at best. In another case, in 1980, the Army signed a pact with a landscaper in Texas who had agreed to plant trees at Fort Hood. The Army had estimated the planting cost at about $587,000, but the contractor had agreed to do the job for $293,000, underbidding its nearest competitor substantially. Not surprisingly, the company soon discovered it couldn't afford to do the job at that price. The Army's Contract Adjustment Board let the contractor off the hook, canceling the contract, and declaring that the "action will facilitate the national defense."

POSSIBLY the trees at Fort Hood were meant to provide camouflage. In any event, the majority of cases involving 85-804 concern small businesses that purport to offer an indispensable service. When the Army determined a need for specialized hi-tech clocks for its aircraft, it found only one American company that could fulfill the requirement. It signed a contract with Waltham Precision Instruments, even though Waltham had sustained substantial losses in 1977 and 1978. Later, when the Defense Contract Audit Agency looked into Waltham's accounts, it discovered that its bookkeeping techniques were suspect. Five months after winning the Army contract to produce 1,873 clocks, Waltham filed for reorganization under Chapter 11 of the bankruptcy laws. The Army's Contract Adjustment Board feared that bankruptcy court would liquidate Waltham to pay off company debts, and gave the company $400,000 in extraordinary relief. Waltham has many uses for the money, but it is difficult to link them to the vital national defense. (The Army could have easily contracted with Swiss firms for the clocks.) At the time of the bailout Waltham owed $50,000 to the Small Business Administration for an outstanding loan, $31,000 to the Internal Revenue Service for unpaid federal taxes, $15,000 to Massachusetts for unpaid state taxes, and $13,000 to the General Services Administration. The DOD award thus amounted to a subsidy for three federal agencies and Massachusetts. The board also found that Waltham's manufacturing equipment was so inadequate that it couldn't turn out enough clocks in a wartime emergency anyway.

In theory, the extraordinary relief statute makes

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good sense for keeping small businesses on line in genuine emergencies. "It's a useful tool for contractors and the government," says Carl Vacketta, a Washington lawyer who teaches a class on government contracts at Georgetown and edits the annual *Extraordinary Contractual Relief Reporter*. "Assisting the contractor is secondary—the law provides for the government receiving the item it needs." A Pentagon staff lawyer defends the law on the grounds that it allows flexibility in a cumbersome bureaucracy. "The government procurement process is so wrapped up in specific guidelines that without a safety valve, private corporations would never enter into the contracts that DOD needs," the lawyer says. Occasionally, the services employ the law to avoid costly litigation. Given the time and money wasted in protracted legal battles, this stance is partly justifiable. But it is a peculiar rationale for 85-804, since the law is mostly reserved for contractors who have no legal claim.

The Waltham case is in fact one of many instances in which relief clearly helped the company more than it helped the government. But even those who would support the law for the sake of vulnerable small businesses might raise an eyebrow at the way in which 85-804 permits unelected officials to hand out huge sums to the government's largest contractors without Congressional approval. In 1971 Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard exercised what he called his "residual powers" under 85-804 (though no such powers exist in the statute) to give Lockheed $623 million of DOD money because of losses incurred on the C-5A plane contract with the Air Force and the Cheyenne helicopter contract with the Army. This bailout, which can be described as extraordinary in the truest sense of the word, required no Congressional approval. Compare this cozy setup to the considerable Congressional wrangling Chrysler had to tolerate in order to receive its bailout.

A similar case unfolded a decade later. On his last day as President Carter's Secretary of the Navy, Edward Hidalgo bypassed his service's adjustment board and gave $9.5 million to Todd Shipyards on its contract to make sealift tankers. "It was a giveaway, with absolutely no justification," says a former Navy lawyer who worked on the case. Hidalgo said the award would "facilitate the national defense" by ending six years of litigation between Todd and the Navy. In fact, Todd had agreed in writing to claim no more than $2.6 million six years earlier, so the company had no legal leg to stand on against the Navy. The only purpose of Hidalgo's decision was to rescue a private company that had made an expensive mistake. Extraordinary relief had been invoked previously in shipyard fiascos, bailing out General Dynamics' Electric Boat to the tune of $359 million and granting Litton Industries $182 million in 1978.

SUPPORTERS of the law say 85-804 is necessary to correct mistakes made by government contracting officers. Carl Vacketta points out that contractors must fit into tight "pigeonholes" in order to qualify for extraordinary relief. But all too often the law has been distorted to cover up sloppy procurement procedures. Further, the Lockheed and shipyard cases reveal the enormous discretion that Pentagon officials can exercise, free from accountability. "When they make these decisions, contracting officers are citing magic words," says Peter Manikas, legislative counsel of the BGA's Washington office. " 'National defense' is often an incantation, not a finding of facts." Manikas suggests that larger bailouts should require Congressional approval. Currently DOD must notify Congress (if the payment is big enough) but not convince it. Manikas also recommends that the Office of Management and Budget have scrutiny over the smaller but still significant relief awards.

The Reagan Administration continues to rail against waste and fraud—which few people like—and has recently voiced a renewed determination to pare down domestic spending still further. In an attempt to show that the Pentagon must meet the same standards as other federal agencies, DOD and the Justice Department have formed a special unit to prosecute contractors who provide defective merchandise, offer bribes, or deliberately overcharge the government. The Justice Department has typically been slow to pursue fraudulent defense contractors, and if the new task force proves more than cosmetic, it will deserve plaudits. But the President and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger should also look at 85-804, and restrict extraordinary relief to genuine emergency situations. As it stands, the law reinforces the notion that some officials in the Pentagon equate military preparedness with the amount of money pouring out of—as well as into—DOD's coffers. And an inexplicable rationale has developed as giveaways to unreliable firms have proliferated: reward unworthy contractors despite bad business judgments and poor service, and our national defense will be better served.

LAURENCE GRAFSTEIN

COMING:

The Japanese Front,

by Robert B. Reich

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Why the Filipinos are 'neither here nor there.'

COMPADRE COLONIALISM

BY DAVID JOEL STEINBERG

THE STATE VISIT of Imelda and Ferdinand Marcos has reminded Americans, however briefly, that there is a "special relationship" between the United States and the Philippines. The Filipinos have never been in a position to forget it. The United States became the ritual godfather—the "compadre"—of its Filipino ward at the beginning of this century, when, after three hundred years of Spanish rule, it conquered this archipelago of 7,107 islands, now the fifteenth most populous nation on earth. In the Philippines, America flirted with imperialism, got embarrassed, developed a self-liquidating colonialism, and tried to rework a people in its own image. It is sometimes said that the Philippines spent three hundred years in a convent and fifty in Hollywood.

Rudyard Kipling told Americans to "take up the white man's burden," and William McKinley complied. In 1898 he announced his intention "to educate the Filipinos, and uplift and civilize and Christianize them"—even though, by his own admission, he didn't know where the archipelago was. Finley Peter Dunne's caustic Mr. Dooley pointed out, "Tis not more than two months since ye larned whether they were islands or canned goods." Whether it was the "voice of God" intoning Manifest Destiny, or, in Richard Hofstadter's phrase, only "the carnal larynx of Theodore Roosevelt," America imposed its will on a devoutly Roman Catholic society and a maturing oligarchic nationalism, already struggling in a war of national liberation against Spain. The U.S. achieved colonial control only after an unexpectedly bitter struggle, which Americans call the Philippine Insurrection. Filipinos call it the Philippine-American war.

How did the U.S. transform hostility into friendship and justify imperialism as altruism? American policy was structured to satisfy an indigenous elite that had been denied power and status by the Spanish. Known as the *ilustrados*, the educated ones, they were *mestizo* (of mixed blood), primarily from Chinese and native stock. In the mid-nineteenth century, a time of rapid economic development and social upheaval, the *mestizos* claimed a new identity by reinterpreting the term "Filipino." Originally it had meant a type of creole, a Caucasian born in the Spanish Philippines. The new meaning was a nationalist one. A Filipino became simply someone who was born in and identified with the interests of the archipelago. Wealth and consumption became the means by which hierarchy was established. Land ownership was the tangible symbol of success.

The U.S. intervention in the Spanish-American War fulfilled the *ilustrados'* dreams. In exchange for the allegiance of these leading Filipinos, the Americans yielded control. The most famous *ilustrado*, José Rizal, a brilliant doctor and novelist whom the Spanish had martyred in 1896, spoke for his class when he wrote that "reforms, if they are to bear fruit, must come from above, for reforms that come from below are upheavals both violent and transitory." Filipinos "of education, intelligence, and property" thus gained power and held it, as the Americans systematically withdrew their control. Ironically, the very success of the arrangement limited the capacity of the United States to carry through its dream of making the Philippines a "showcase of democracy."

Americans never imposed a policy of land reform, since it would undercut *ilustrado* land ownership. Loss of land through foreclosure increased throughout the twentieth century, causing uprisings among the Hukbalahap and other peasant groups. Land reform continues to be a crucial issue in the Philippines: population growth, longer life expectancy, fragmentation of ownership through inheritance, rural usury, an increase in absentee landlordism, the collapse of the traditional landlord-tenant relationship in favor of impersonal economic obligations, political agitation, and a growing peasant awareness of economic inequalities are all problems confronting the Marcos's regime.

One of the remarkable things about Philippine society is the enthusiasm with which Filipinos have adopted the Horatio Alger mythology. Filipinos at every level of society want to "make it." The impending social revolution that many have predicted for decades has failed to materialize, in large part because there are shared values, including the belief in private property, and because the elite has seen the advantages of incorporating newcomers and accepting upward mobility as a social good.

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The continuation of elite control was threatened only during World War II. Under Japanese attack, the Filipinos fought fiercely, and their nationalism came of age. The Bataan death march and the years of Japanese occupation forced Philippine society to define itself. The anti-Japanese guerrilla movement was enormous. Manila was ravaged. The people paid a terrible price. The elite in Manila, however, collaborated with the Japanese, in part to retain power, in part because it arrogantly saw itself as a bulwark against chaos. Remarkably, these collaborators were fully restored to power after the war. Douglas MacArthur's postwar support of some of the collaborators, the growing anti-Communism in America, the devastation of the war, and the sense that the nation needed experienced hands on the rudder as independence came all contributed to this decision.

During the war, MacArthur's mystique and rhetoric had resulted in a wave of Filipino affection for the United States. Wherever U.S. troops went, they were welcomed as saviors and heroes. Taft's condescending concept of a "little brown brother" portrayed a colonial relationship in familial terms. Filipinos responded to this image. They felt indebted to the United States for their tutelage toward independence.

BUT THE POSTWAR YEARS led to disillusionment with the United States. Most Filipinos felt that the United States owed them a massive amount of postwar support, not merely because they had been allies but because they had fulfilled handsomely the kinship obligations that cemented the "special relationship." The Filipinos were crushed to discover that the United States was preoccupied elsewhere. The meagerness of postwar foreign aid, especially in comparison with the massive support given to Germany and Japan, and the crude way in which the United States tied its aid to concessions, left many Filipinos feeling duped.

The American interregnum spawned a generation of Filipinos who no longer see themselves as "little brown brothers," but rather as cultural brokers between the Orient and the West. Today leading Filipinos feel increasingly that the Philippines must "break out of the prison of old attitudes and outmoded habits of thought," as President Marcos put it some years ago. During World War II, Carlos Romulo wrote a book entitled *Mother America*. He is now one of the authors of "a foreign policy of closer cooperation with our Asia neighbors."

This new emphasis on regionalism has been complicated by a long-standing old domestic struggle between Moslems and Christians. The last skirmishes of a worldwide Holy War—one that included the Crusades and the triumph of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492—are now being fought in the Philippines, named appropriately for Philip II of Spain. Spain managed to contain Islam, but never could conquer or convert the Moslems of the South. For centuries Moslems and Christians lived a variant of the cold war, occasionally at peace, more often at war, usually in sullen mistrust.

American administrators saw the massive, underpopulated, mostly Moslem island of Mindanao as the Philippine frontier. They created a homesteading and land policy, including the establishment of the great Del Monte pineapple plantations, which was designed to encourage the landless peasants of the Christian north to migrate to Mindanao. Since there seemed an excess of land, and since many of the Moslems were hill people practicing slash-and-burn agriculture, this land policy went forward for decades without being aggressively challenged by the Moslems.

Culturally and religiously, however, the policy was explosive. It continued after independence, when Ramón Magsaysay, in his effort to blunt the Huk rebellion on Luzon, encouraged tens of thousands of Philippine peasants to migrate from their Christian lowland homes to new farms and homesteads on Mindanao. There are now more Christians than Moslems on Mindanao, and they wield economic and social control of the island. The Moslems, an embattled minority, feel that they have lost control of their homeland.

The global Moslem revival has had its effects on the Philippines. With the support of Libya, Malaysia, and Saudi Arabia, native Moslem nationalists have organized a guerrilla war based partially on Vietnamese models and partially on the ancient jihad (holy war). The Moro National Liberation Front (MNLF) was founded in 1968. It declared that full independence was its maximum objective, but its immediate goal was increased autonomy. In 1972, with the declaration of martial law, Marcos moved to suppress the MNLF by requiring Moslems to surrender their firearms. Although negotiations took place in Jidda in 1974 and in Tripoli in 1979, neither side has observed the terms of the agreements.

One can debate endlessly whether the declaration of martial law created the insurrection or was in part a response to it. At its peak in 1974, the MNLF was able to field between 50,000 and 60,000 men. But by 1981 it had only 10,000 guerrillas. They have been pushed increasingly into the hinterlands, away from easy access to supplies and weapons. There are sporadic terrorist attacks—a bus blown up, a marketplace destroyed—but the rebellion has become less serious, partly through effective repression by the armed forces. Marcos has also made massive expenditures in economic incentives to individuals, and in projects designed to stimulate the economy, including the showpiece Cotabato-Agusan River Basin Development Program in Mindanao. In a very real sense, the rebellion has achieved some of its objectives, with the government becoming more sensitive to Moslem needs and sensibilities.

Communist insurgency has been a far more difficult threat to contain, in part because the roots of agrarian

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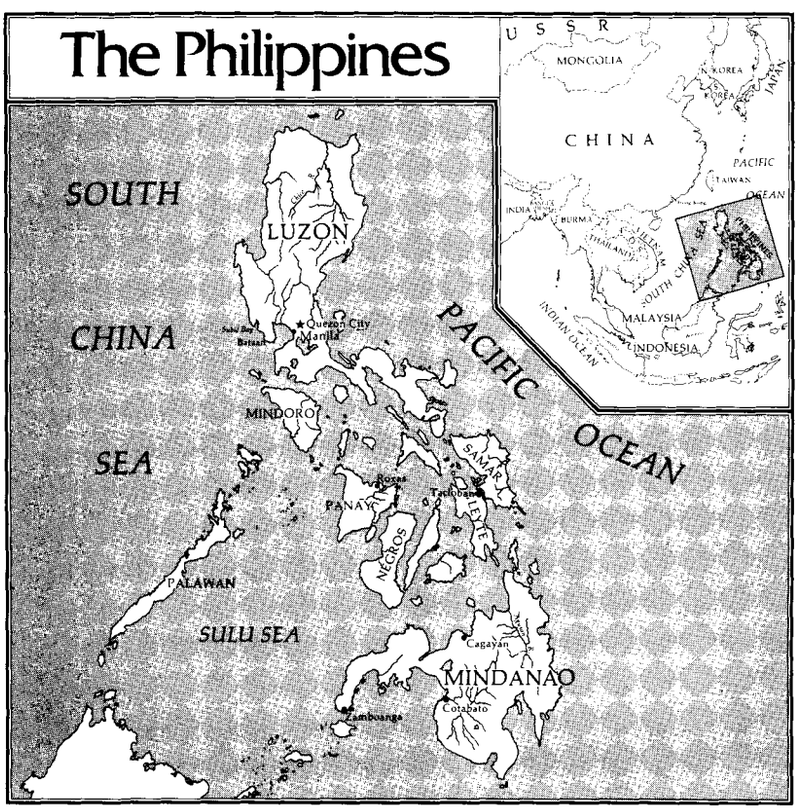
dissent are so firmly planted in the Philippine past. Tenancy problems date back to the Spanish era, when the religious orders amassed great estates. Most of those lands were acquired by the oligarchs. Demography compounds maldistribution of ownership. The Philippines is one of the fastest growing countries in the world. In 1950 its population was 20 million. Today it is just under 50 million, and it is likely to exceed 90 million by the end of the century. Peasant unrest has been greatest in the rich, rice-producing provinces of central Luzon, where the arable man-land ratio has reached less than a hectare per farmer.

During World War II, the Hukbalahap emerged in the central Luzon area as a radical peasant guerrilla group. It refused to surrender weapons at the end of World War II. The newly independent government of Manuel Roxas refused to seat Huk leaders legitimately elected to Congress, and pursued a violent policy of repression. But corruption, low morale, inflation, and economic exhaustion prevented the Manila government from defeating the Huks.



MAP BY KENNY GRADY FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The emergence of Ramón Magsaysay altered the history of the Philippines. Magsaysay had been a guerrilla leader during World War II and was therefore free of the taint of collaboration. He accomplished three major objectives, with the United States. Central Intelligence Agency playing a central role in shaping and implementing his program. Magsaysay revitalized the Philippine army, giving it arms and a new sense of purpose. He broke the Communists' political network, arresting party members en masse. Third, and most important, by using the army to ensure that the 1951 congressional elections would not be rigged, he reaffirmed the democratic process. Magsaysay's flair, his humble background, his wartime record, his backing by the United States, and his success as secretary of defense made him an easy victor in the 1953 presidential election. He broke the Hukbalahap by combining military pressure with amnesty and resettlement. The Hukbalahap degenerated into a Mafia-style organization, raking off a profit from the prostitution and gambling that surrounded the giant American air base at Clark Field and extorting money from peasants and landlords. Magsaysay's death in a plane accident in 1957 ended this era.

Radicalism, especially of a Maoist sort, resurfaced on university campuses during the 1960s. The student leaders were often the upper-middle-class children of upwardly mobile Filipinos. Many had gone to the finest schools in the Philippines, and some had been influenced by activists within the church. Despairing and guilty about Philippine society's paralysis in dealing with the social issues of economic redistribution and land reform, and disgusted with what they defined as manifestations of U.S. imperialism—military bases, economic power, unequal treaties—student leaders attempted to form alliances with radical labor and peasant tenant groups. By 1972, a large segment of the Manila press was prophesying an apocalypse. That prophecy helped rationalize the declaration of martial law, creating a context in which many people, fearful of anarchy, embraced the stability of Marcos's "constitutional authoritarianism."

The New People's Army first operated in the old Huk areas, the rice-growing region around Clark Field, but over the last decade it has spread across the country, and is now established within the Christian settlements of Mindanao. The Philippine Army has not been able to eradicate the movement, even though most of the young leaders, including José Ma Sison, have been captured. It retains its ideological intensity in the most remote parts of the Philippines, fueled directly by specific local problems or by extreme rural poverty.

The role of the American military was already important when Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippine commonwealth, made Douglas MacArthur America's only Field Marshal and designed his famous uniform. The American military presence in the archipelago goes back to Admiral Dewey, John Hay, and Theodore Roosevelt, who saw the Philippines as a

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strategic foothold in the Far East. But Theodore Roosevelt also described the Philippines as "America's heel of Achilles." The Japanese conquest in early 1942 was devastating for the Philippines and disastrous for the U.S. military.

The Philippines was attacked precisely because the United States maintained major military bases there. Even today, because of the U.S. bases, the Philippines is more vulnerable than it would be otherwise. These bases, at Subic Bay and Clark Field in central Luzon, were retained by the United States as a condition of Philippine independence in 1946. Originally the United States maintained total sovereignty over them and vast tracts of land surrounding them. They were imperial appendages ruled by the U.S. military, but over the years, the Philippines has slowly renegotiated these agreements. Further renegotiation and extension of the lease agreements is now under way and is one of the central issues in the talks between Marcos and Reagan.

American strategic planners see the bases as essential. Subic Bay is the most important Pacific depot for the U.S. Navy, and Clark Field is a global air base that is seen as vital to the Indian and Pacific theaters and even the Persian Gulf area. The U.S. government has developed these bases into highly sophisticated military operations, and, in a time of world tension, the bases have increased in importance. They offer a conventional and nuclear shield for the islands. In the past, while the Philippine government has taken great comfort in the existence of the bases, nationalists such as Claro M. Recto have frequently spoken of them as impairing Philippine sovereignty, inviting attack, and limiting Philippine options.

THE ISSUE GOES to the heart of the love-hate relationship between America and the Philippines, in which irrationality, pragmatism, and ideology are mixed with money, jobs, and the definition of security. The Philippine government is anxious about both external threats and external support of internal insurgency. Marcos has expanded the army from 60,000 to 155,000 over the past decade. His political survival is dependent on the Philippine military, which, trained in the United States and prone to see threats everywhere, supports the American use of the bases as a source of military equipment and as a way of guaranteeing a U.S. commitment.

The Carter Administration viewed Marcos as a dictator who had destroyed a viable democracy and violated human rights. Marcos was not welcome in Washington and relations were frosty. The Reagan Administration sees Marcos as a close ally, a staunch anti-Communist who deserves the maximum amount of American aid. When Marcos lifted martial law, all the while retaining total power, Vice President George Bush toasted Marcos with the fatuous statement, "We love your adherence to democratic principle—and to the democratic processes." The U.S. economic leverage has been enormous ever since special preferences were granted when the Philippines became independent in 1946. Although the Philippines has whittled away those advantages in recent decades, the United States has been too important a source of economic development for nationalism to triumph completely. As a capitalist country committed to economic development and dependent on foreign trade, the Philippines has required the support and investment of Americans. It has received in full the assets and liabilities of that investment.

LOOKING TO ATTRACT industries from abroad, especially the United States and Japan, and attempting to supplant Korea and Taiwan as a center of skilled, cheap labor, the Philippines has actively promoted foreign investment. Its businesses want stability, and that has been used to justify Marcos's "constitutional authoritarianism." Many of these same businesses, however, have chafed at inefficiency and corruption in the public sector. They expect that the cost of business includes a certain degree of graft and bribery, and they are willing to pay, provided they can get their products out. Often corruption and inefficiency produce the worst of all possible worlds: an expensive product surcharge and an inability to move goods promptly. Marcos, dependent upon the bureaucracy for support, has perpetuated this system. Discipline, total loyalty to the center, and the other hallmarks of rigid authoritarianism simply do not exist.

The bind is twofold. The Marcos government requires ever-increasing foreign investment to keep the system turning over. This investment makes the government increasingly vulnerable to the accusation of neocolonialism. Many multinationals operate through government charter or guaranteed national corporations, and well-placed Filipino partners either run the subsidiaries or serve as conduits to government corporations. Especially in the extractive industries, in the development of agribusiness, and in sophisticated technology, the Philippines is dependent on others for its economic fate.

Neocolonialism is one of those cant words used by so many groups in so many ways that it has a debased meaning. But to a startling degree, the Filipino elite has sold its birthright for a mess of pottage. Individual and group self-interest long has triumphed over notions of the commonweal. In 1969 Marcos said, "The new Filipinism represents the discipline and the ethic of independence. It seeks substance rather than the shadow of freedom. It develops independence beyond formality to reality." But Marcos's new Filipinism has done just the reverse.

Marcos has dominated Philippine life for twenty years, ruling continuously as president for the last seventeen. Toward the end of his second elected term

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and before martial law, there was a constitutional convention to debate and redesign the political process. On one level, the convention was Marcos's attempt to revise the constitution the country inherited from the United States so that he could continue to stay in office past the eight-year legal limit. On another level, the debate was a fractious effort to review what had become of the Philippines, to explore whether a parliamentary system might be better suited to the realities of the Philippine polity, and to examine how the society had changed since the drafting of the commonwealth constitution in 1935. The 1972 constitutional convention was both a true working of democracy and a triumph of the oligarchy, the former *ilustrados* and their heirs, over the society. Marcos and his wife leaped into this political fray and, simultaneously, appeared to disdain it.

IN THIS VOLATILE political environment, Marcos declared martial law in September 1972. The democratic structure that had been created over seventy years was abruptly ended. Marcos declared, "I, as your duly elected President of the Republic, use this power to protect the Republic of the Philippines and our democracy." But General Order No. 1 permitted Marcos to assume all powers of government. He arrested critics and dissenters by the thousands, detaining not only those who advocated the violent overthrow of the government but also those whose main crime was opposition to the president. Thousands were harassed and persecuted, and some were tortured. The writ of habeas corpus was immediately suspended, and military tribunals were established. Peaceful assembly was prohibited. Free speech and freedom of the press were circumscribed. Labor was denied the opportunity to organize and to strike. Eight years and four months later, on January 17, 1981, Marcos lifted the martial law decree. But he retained in force most of its edicts. In June 1981, he won a six-year term as president, under a revised parliamentary structure of his own design.

It is Marcos's belief that only through "constitutional authoritarianism" can the Philippines find the necessary internal discipline to structure its priorities, to manage its growth, and to find its way toward that secular utopia of economic progress and social well-being that "modern nations" seem to strive for so desperately. He sees democracy as wasteful, licentious, corrupt, and paralyzing. Thus, although he had been produced by the democratic system and manipulated it with great skill, he appointed himself the redeemer. Marcos claimed to be the man who could free the Philippines from a politics of cronyism and oligarchy. But he has made himself richer than any of his predecessors. Manila gossips estimate his and his wife's fortune at $1 billion or more.

One of the third world's longest-surviving dictators, Marcos would appear to be in control. Yet his power is visibly slipping. In March 1981, when Pope John Paul II visited the Philippines, there was a tug of war between the Vatican and Marcos over the role the president and his wife were to play in hosting the Pontiff. Marcos won handily. Everywhere the Pope went, Mrs. Marcos and the president's jet went too. The president had a bronze medal struck bearing both his and the Pope's likenesses. At the great open-air mass celebrated by the Pope in Manila, the president sat on a special platform just below the Pontiff, and Mrs. Marcos was on another platform just below him. His family was the first to receive communion. But Marcos's public relations triumph during the Pope's visit has not washed away the tension between his regime and the Church. This summer, Jaime Cardinal Sin, Archbishop of Manila and spiritual head of forty million Catholics, openly called for President Marcos to resign, claiming "something has to be done to restore respect for the government. Everything is topsy-turvy now." The challenge from the Church, a powerful influence on society and the bureaucratic elite, has put Marcos on the defensive.

Marcos's health is failing, and he has had to hold press conferences specifically to refute rumors about his impending death. He has appointed an executive committee, including Imelda and other possible claimants, to run the country if he should die, although no one believes that any such motley junta would last long. American policy seems unable to think past the state visit to a political landscape without Marcos on it. America today is as uncertain about policy as it was when the anti-imperialists challenged McKinley.

MARCOS MUST YIELD power sooner or later, and the Philippine-American relationship will have to stumble forward somehow. When Marcos became president in 1965, he said in his first inaugural address, "The Filipino, it seems, has lost his soul, his dignity, and his courage. Our people have come to a point of despair. We have ceased to value order." Marcos went on to note that the "government is gripping the iron hand of venality, its treasury is barren, its resources are wasted, its civil service is slothful and indifferent, its armed forces demoralized and its councils sterile." Having enumerated these threats, Marcos then called to his people: "Not one hero alone do I ask from you, but many—nay, all." It is sad that the scene he leaves is as it was when he came. At the beginning of this century, Mr. Dooley observed that the Philippines is "a poverty-sthricken counthry, full iv goold an' precious stones, where th' people can pick dinner of th' threes an' ar-re starvin' because they have no stepladders." At a press conference in 1982, Mrs. Marcos was more candid than she probably meant to be: "The Philippines is in a strategic position: it is both East and West, right and left, rich and poor." After a pause, she continued, "We are neither here nor there."

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Rohmer's Road

Le Beau Mariage
(United Artists Classics)

An American director, now retired, used to gibe at unfriendly critics by saying that, if his films were made in French, those critics would approve them. During *Le Beau Mariage*, I couldn't help thinking exactly the reverse: if this film had been made in English, in America, possibly some of the critics who have praised it might have seen its banality.

That's an especially harsh term to use because the writer-director was Eric Rohmer. His last film was *The Aviator's Wife* about which I wrote adversely (TNR, October 14, 1981). I speculated about the emptiness I thought it revealed, and ended by hoping I could apologize for the review in the future. Not yet.

Rohmer is sure of a high place in film history. Between 1962 and 1972 he made his *Six Moral Tales*, four of which were full-length and were released in this country to the increasing delight of some of us. Then in 1976 he made, from Kleist, *The Marquise of O . . .*, which is arguably the best film made anywhere in the 1970s. But two years later he produced *Perceval*, out of Chrétien de Troyes, which was aesthetically ambitious but cinematically null. Then after a three-year absence, during which he directed a Kleist play in Paris, he launched a new series, called *Comedies and Proverbs*, of which *The Aviator's Wife* was the disappointing first.

Rohmer's filmmaking, as I've previously noted, has strong links to literature: his *Six Moral Tales* were written as short stories, have been published, and are well worth reading. Then came his films from a great novella and a great medieval poem. His new series seems to lack the *writing* that gave him cinematic assurance and success (usually). *The Aviator's Wife* was a feeble relapse into New Wave filmic solipsism. *Le Beau Mariage* is at least a return to the true Rohmer style of the *Six Moral Tales*, but the script on which that style is used has little effect or—however you choose to define the term—meaning.

Beatrice Romand, who played Claire's younger sister in *Claire's Knee* twelve years ago, is here an art history student in Paris who works part-time in an antique shop outside Paris. Romand is having an affair with a married painter in Paris but is turned off by the complications in his life. She decides arbitrarily to marry, though she has no man in mind. A woman friend in the other town, Arielle Dombasle, introduces Romand to her cousin, a single and successful Parisian lawyer. There's a great deal of train travel between the town and Paris. The lawyer, played by André Dussollier, who was so good as Gawain in *Perceval* (and is currently in Pinter's *Betrayal* on the Paris stage), is enforcedly friendly, not very interested, but Romand pursues him, counseled by Dombasle, whose advice turns out to be not only wrong but stupid. Dussollier tries to shunt Romand off without offense, but since she persists, she is inevitably offended and "gives him up." In the last scene she is on that train again, sitting opposite a young man whom we glimpsed briefly at the very beginning. This time a smile develops between them; and we get the not very profound point that Mr. Right has been figuratively under her nose the whole time, figuratively waiting for her.

Rohmer apparently wanted us to go through various strophes of ego exploration, sexual torque, maneuvers and embarrassments, as a distillation of one available crisis in contemporary society. To this end, he has used the visual mastery of the *Six Moral Tales*: the same personal rhythms, shots held as long or as little as he chooses, rather than as convention dictates; the same simple but unique points of view. The camera team of Bernard Lutic, Romain Winding, and Nicolas Brunet have given him the texture that Nestor Almendros provided in earlier Rohmer films—the feeling that a mosaic of colors and patterns has been assembled, then lacquered with realism.

But all this mastery is applied to an unresponsive script. The lovely execution doesn't deepen the material, it's perceptible *apart* from the material and only emphasizes the slightness and triteness. This is an hour-and-a-half TV script about a girl's failed schemes to get an older man, only it happens to have been made by a fine artist. There's even the scene in which the frustrated girl throws herself face down on her bed in her lonely little room as if her name were Debbie and there were college pennants on the wall.

Compare *Le Beau Mariage* with Rohmer's *Chloe in the Afternoon*. There are two substantive differences: the protagonist here is a woman (for the first time in Rohmer's career) and the man is married, but the basic situation is the same: a not particularly attractive young woman pursues a man and fails to get him. In *Chloe* we see the young woman grow through need, become larger through her very openness of supplication; we see the man begin to respond almost as much out of compassion as desire, then disengage because of faith committed elsewhere. Essentially, cruel

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Birgit Haas Must Be Killed. Just what one wants in a political thriller: suspense and intelligence. French agents trap a German terrorist in Germany.

E.T., The Extra-Terrestrial. If you can fight your way in. Some kinds of heartwarming hokum really warm us, and much of this does the job.

Lola. Late Fassbinder. A remake of *The Blue Angel*, sort of, done in high Hollywood style and very well acted.

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy. Turn-of-the-century vaudeville turns. Woody Allen's best direction—of a generally painless, sometimes amusing script.

SK

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though the conclusion is to Chloe, it is a spiritual drama. The new film is about a calculating nuisance. Calculating nuisances, male or female, can suffer just as much as anyone else, but in this case—partly because of Romand's unaffecting performance—we get no chance to empathize. All our available sympathy, not much anyway, goes to the pursued person, in this case the man. Rohmer's script and Romand's character never plumb deeper than the conventional marriage game; they aren't deepened just because it's in French and in France.

The painful question with Rohmer is one of tense. Was he an artist? Or is he an artist? At best the question is not yet answered.

IN SALUTE to Ingrid Bergman and Henry Fonda (somewhat belated because I've been away), I offer my one personal anecdote about each.

In 1964 my wife and I were taken to the studio outside London where *The Yellow Rolls Royce* was being made, for no specific reason except to watch some of the shooting. It was an immense set, about twice the size of a basketball court, and it happened that, on this morning, they were doing a scene with Bergman. She was driven in and was welcomed by a hotel manager who came down the steps to greet her as she got out of the Rolls. The manager kept bumbling the scene, and it had to be reshot a number of times. During one of the breaks, I saw Bergman, on the other side of the huge arena, glance at my wife and me, the only visitors, and ask someone who we were. Apparently the answer satisfied her; she nodded and kept on about her business. After a couple of hours, the lunch break was called. Everyone began to leave except Bergman who walked all the way across the big set to us. She shook hands with us and thanked us for our patience in waiting. I saw at once that, mistakenly but understandably, she had assumed that I was there to interview her, and I thought it would be rude to correct her. She hoped I would realize that she was too tired to talk now, but she hoped I'd come back in a day or two. I played my part and thanked her. Later I asked the publicity man to tell her that we had to leave London the next day (true) unexpectedly (untrue). But her assumption had been comprehensible, and her courtesy, as a result of it, was out of the ordinary.

A few weeks later we were in Czechoslovakia at the Karlovy Vary Film Festival and took our meals in the large dining room of the Hotel Moskva. Every country represented in the festival had a table with its flag on it. We were at the American table, of course, and so was Henry Fonda, who had come to Karlovy Vary with his film *The Best Man*. We had four or five meals with him; and at dinner one evening he said that he had been driven around the countryside that afternoon and had been struck by its resemblance to the Nebraska landscape where he had grown up. I asked him whether he had ever read Willa Cather's stories about Bohemian immigrants in Nebraska. "I certainly have," he said. I said that this part of Czechoslovakia used to be called Bohemia. "Damn," he said and hit the table gently with his fist. "Those people came out our way because they were looking for country that was like what they had left behind. And here I am in *their* country, and I recognize it because it looks like home." He smiled, the quiet delighted smile that had warmed continents. "Damn."

Universities and the class system.

SCHOOLS FOR SNOBBERY

BY PAUL FUSSELL

IN THE ABSENCE of a system of hereditary ranks and titles, without a tradition of honors conferred by a monarch, and with no well-known status ladder even of high-class regiments to confer various degrees of cachet, Americans have had to depend for their mechanism of snobbery far more than other peoples on their college and university hierarchy. In this country, just about all that's finally available as a fount of honor is the institution of the higher learning. Or at least its topmost reaches. I once heard a man with a B.A., an M.A., and a Ph.D. actually designated as inestimably fine with the words, "He's Yale all the way." Granted, it's not much on which to base a scheme of invidious distinction, but in the long run it's virtually all we have.

Americans are the only people in the world known to me whose status anxieties prompt them to advertise their university affiliations in the rear windows of their cars. You can drive all over Europe without once seeing a rear-window sticker reading CHRIST CHURCH or UNIVERSITÉ DE PARIS. A convention here is that the higher learning is so serious a matter that no joking or parody are permitted. One would sooner defile the flag or the Torah than mock the college sticker and what it stands for by, say, putting it on upside down or slantwise, or scratching ironic quotation marks around "College" or "University." And no family fortunate enough to have achieved identification with Harvard or Princeton would think of flying a Kutztown State College sticker as an ironic jest. Some things are too serious for joking. But the credit of even fairly undistinguished colleges is remarkably high, and something of the sacred seems to attend their identities. Indeed, as institutions everyone honors, they seem to outrank the church—no one puts a sticker in the car window reading "Sodality of the Holy Name, Port Huron, Michigan," or "First Baptist Church of Elmira."

You can estimate the current prestige of the higher-educational establishment by considering the way everyone wants to imitate it. When an institution devoted to profit or huckstering wants to elevate its status, it pretends to be a university. Thus *The New York Times* with not just its daily pedagogic solemnity but its "Weekly News Quiz," as if it were in the education business. Thus the brokerage and real-estate rackets with their "seminars." The most naked lobbies in Washington, those most deeply dyed in the practices of propaganda and persuasion, like to call themselves institutes, as if they were the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton or the Institute of Contemporary Art at the University of Pennsylvania.

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Thus in the nation's capital we find the Tobacco Institute, the Alcoholic Beverage Institute, the American Petroleum Institute, and the like. Some "institutes" even have "chairs" and "professorships." As a contributor's note in a magazine tells us, one scribbler "holds the DeWitt Wallace Chair in Communications at the American Enterprise Institute."

The lust of all classes to acquire status by attaching themselves to universities, learned societies, "science," and the like —anything but commerce and manufacturing and marketing—can be seen in the way, for example, the Morgan Library attracts contributors of money by designating them not donors or benefactors, but "fellows." And in various grades depending on amounts: the highest in rank are "fellows in perpetuity" (suggesting either "tenure" or the concept "perpetual care" at your local cemetery). Below these are "honorary fellows," then "life fellows," and finally just plain "fellows."

SO HIGH is the prestige of American colleges and universities that they have been remarkably immune to criticism and contumely, at least since the 1940s when, because of the G.I. Bill, they were sold to the popular mind as the most high-minded part of the general postwar social welfare system. Aside from Senator Joseph McCarthy in the 1950s and radical students in the 1960s and 1970s, few have pointed very vigorously to their defects and pretensions. The result is that the most preposterous affectations of these institutions (Ivy included) have gone unrebuked, so unwilling has criticism been to risk accusations of anti-intellectualism. (As if *intellect* were a relevant commodity in any but a tiny group of these institutions.) Attempts to discriminate vigorously among the colleges are met with a special kind of horror and outrage. Pointing to the class system in institutions is for many as offensive as pointing to it in "real life": there are plenty of people around who, when the talk turns to colleges and their status, will echo the remark of the woman who deplored the fact of social classes: "It's the dirtiest thing I've ever heard of!" Nevertheless, it must be looked at.

Instructive is one response to Edward B. Fiske's *The New York Times Selective Guide to American Colleges, 1982-83* (1982). Noting that the United States has almost two thousand institutions calling themselves four-year colleges and awarding bachelor's degrees, Fiske assumed, as any intelligent person would, that few of that swollen and pretentious number could be much good. In a world where *institute* has lost its meaning, its logical to suspect that *college* has, too. Fiske thus set to work to identify the "best and most interesting" of American colleges, and came up with only 265. To rank academic quality, social activity, and "quality of life" at these institutions, he employed a system of from five to one stars for each criterion. (Though vague, the guide's definition of quality depends on "range of course offerings . . . level of teaching and research, the academic ability of the students, and the quality of the library"; Fiske might also have suggested that a liberal and fearless dispensing of Cs and Ds as a criterion of quality.) The five stars he awarded Amherst, Williams, Harvard, Stanford, Smith, University of Michigan, University of California at Berkeley, University of Virginia, and others for academic quality might be seen as the equivalent of the three stars awarded by the *Guide Michelin* for excellence in the cuisine, and which signify: *"Une des meilleures tables de France: vaut le voyage."* The four stars he gave Beloit College, Bowdoin, the University of Iowa, Vanderbilt, and others are equal roughly to the Michelin's two-star ranking: *"Table excellente, mérite un détour."* The three stars he awarded Mills College, Colby, the universities of New Hampshire and Connecticut, and others in that class would equate with Michelin's one star: *"Une bonne table dans sa catégorie."*

AS HE CANVASSED the whole college scene comparatively, Fiske couldn't help noticing certain institutions that in academic quality seemed to earn fewer than three stars. Like an honest critic of anything else, books, say, or plays, or even restaurants, he designated these. Some of the two-stars are Xavier University, New Orleans, Tuskegee, Temple, Seton Hall, St. Louis University, the University of Rhode Island, and Ohio Wesleyan. And to some colleges Fiske found he could award only one star for academic quality, like the University of Tulsa, the University of Oklahoma, and the University of Nebraska. Even these, however, were to a degree singled out for praise, as you realize when you discover that Fiske was unable to find a single institution of mentionable intellectual quality in the whole states of Nevada, North and South Dakota (which together have twenty "colleges"), Wyoming, and West Virginia (with seventeen candidates). Neither Richard Nixon's alma mater (Whittier College, California) nor Ronald Reagan's (Eureka College, Illinois) got so much as a look-in.

GIVEN THE FURY occasioned by any honest evaluation of universities, we might expect the governors of the states of Nevada, the Dakotas, Wyoming, and West Virginia to round on Fiske with all the ad hominem innuendos at their command, accusing him of bias, blindness, snobbery, Eastern establishmentarianism (Fiske is education editor of *The New York Times*), contempt for the West, and related defects of character unfitting him for the critical office. Advertising and promotion of their fiefs have long been important obligations of governors, and we wouldn't be surprised to see them defend to the death the educational prestige of their states. But we wouldn't expect outrage from a mere professor at one of the lower ranked institutions, for professors are supposed to understand the nature of criticism—to know that it consists of opinion, and that the more opinions, and the livelier, the better. To get into a lather about your own university being downgraded by some newspaper employee suggests that you are in the public-relations rather than the intellect business and that, even worse, you have no great confidence in the status of your institution.

I'm speaking about David H. Bennett, professor of history at the University of Syracuse. Doubtless expecting an institution where he taught to be ranked five or four stars for academic quality, he was appalled to find Fiske giving Syracuse only *two*. This ranking was in part the result of some questionnaires filled in by students as well as private interviews with them. The information they provided led Fiske to write that "The College of Arts and Sciences . . . is undistinguished," "classes are large," "registration is a mess," "the library . . . is understocked," "admissions standards tend not to be very rigorous," "varsity sports are big," and to observe that too much teaching is done by graduate assistants. The students consulted were so demoralized as to tell Fiske, "Anyone who can pay the price gets in." Receiving this ill report from the

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customers, Fiske understandably brought in a mere two-star finding. Professor Bennett's reaction was not to set about redressing these defects—cleaning up the registration mess, for example, or reforming the teaching-assistant scandal, a widespread disgrace in this country. His reaction was to condemn the person and the process that had exposed these weaknesses, to find fault with the messenger who had merely borne the bad news. He wrote a letter to the messenger's boss, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, publisher of *The New York Times*, complaining that "the social and cultural authority of the world's most respected newspaper" had been misused to lend weight to Fiske's "dubious enterprise." As he wrote Sulzberger, "*The New York Times Selective Guide* would be dismissed as a bad joke . . . if only it did not bear the name of your newspaper."

ADDRESSING himself to this important question of the prestige of the University of Syracuse and the degree to which it had sustained damage as a result of Edward Fiske's observations, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger hastened to assure Professor Bennett that changes in the Fiske book were being made, changes that would be reflected immediately in new printings. In his reply, Sulzberger went on, however, to praise Fiske and his assistants, and to call attention to the probity and intelligence of numerous professional consultants. Nevertheless, he then indicated, despite all this, he had come to the conclusion that "future printings and editions" of Fiske's book would not carry the name of the *Times* in the title. In announcing that he would withdraw the name of the newspaper from the title in future, Sulzberger was doubtless acting on the assumption that for one institution of the higher learning to criticize another is professionally unseemly.

The whole affair will give you some idea of the prestige invested in academic institutions, their tenderness to slight or disregard, their jealous pursuit of honor. Their sensitivity to slight suggests that they are what we have now instead of knights, or even gentlemen. Fiske's real offense was the word *selective*, which blew the whistle on the polite fiction that if a thing calls itself a *college* or a *university*, it is one. The scandal he occasioned was to imply how very little meaning attaches to the statement, "He (or she) is a college graduate," words that, long years ago, might have carried some weight. But by the 1950s, the situation had changed. The rush to attend college for status purposes soon resulted in the fate that overtook the concept *the dollar*. The word remained unchanged while the reality altered drastically.

THE ASSUMPTION that "a college degree" means something without the college's being specified is woven so deeply into the American myth that it dies very hard, even when confronted with the facts of the class system and its complicity with the hierarchies of the higher learning. For example: Vance Packard, in *The Status Seekers*, was persuaded as late as 1959 that the idea of "a college diploma" carried sufficient meaning to justify the class designation "the Diploma Elite." Quite wrong. To represent affairs accurately, you'd have to designate an "*Elite* Diploma Elite," because having a degree from Amherst or Williams or Harvard or Yale should never be confused with having one from Eastern Kentucky University or Hawaii Pacific College or Arkansas State or Bob Jones. Packard obfuscates the facts when he says that "A college girl is six times as likely to marry a college man as a non-college girl," which fatally ignores the flagrant unlikelihood of a man from Dartmouth marrying a girl from Nova College, Fort Lauderdale. Even as late as 1972, Packard is still taking that rosy egalitarian view and thus still making the same essential mistake. In *A Nation of Strangers* he writes cheerfully, "In 1940 about 13 percent of college-age young people actually went to college; by 1970 it was about 43 percent." But no. It was still about 13 percent, the other 30 percent attending things merely denominated colleges. These poor kids and their parents were performing the perpetual American quest not for intellect but for respectability and status. That the number of young people really going to college will always be about 13 percent would seem to be the message of Edward Fiske's "selective" findings.

Vance Packard is not the only one to be duped by the fraudulent semantics so common when we enter the atmosphere of the higher learning. In his book *Showing Off in America* (1981), John Brooks also opts for the pleasing appearance: he distinguishes "the two basic American classes, the college-educated and the not-college-educated." But the only meaningful educational distinction today is that between the college-educated and the "college"-educated. Richard Boyer and David Savageau's intelligent *Places Rated Almanac* (1981) gets it right. In evaluating a secondary school, "It is no longer noteworthy," they say,

> that a majority of a high school's graduating class goes on to college. The question to ask is: Which colleges are accepting them—top-rated universities and colleges, or institutions with low entrance requirements?

One of the saddest social groups today consists of that 30 percent that during the 1950s and 1960s struggled to "go to college" and thought they'd done that, only to find their social and cultural poverty still unredeemed, and not merely intellectually and artistically, but economically as well. In *Social Standing in America* (1978), Coleman and Rainwater found that going to a "good" college increased one's income by 52 percent, while going to a really good one, like one of Fiske's five-stars, increased it by an additional 32 percent over that. But they found that you achieved "no income advantage" if you graduated from a "non-selective" college, that is, one of the roughly 1,728 institutions left decently unmentioned by Fiske. No income advantage at all.

SOMETIMES the aspiring classes catch on to the college swindle, but too late. I know a woman who graduated with a well-above-average record from an intellectually undemanding university only to be brutally labeled as "ignorant" by her colleagues when she began working in a vigorously competitive context in New York. She had the temerity—and bully for her, I say—to write the university president complaining bitterly, and quite effectively, about the way she'd been had. But usually awareness of the great college-and-status hoodwink goes unexpressed. It festers inside, producing a gnawing feeling that something's wrong somewhere and that one, as usual, is being screwed. Entering some backwater college convinced, as one person told Coleman and Rainwater, that "you have to go to college to be respected," the candidate emerges four years later to find he's not respected at all because his college has no clout.

Despite appearances of open access, the truth is, as Paul Blumberg perceives

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in *Inequality in an Age of Decline* (1980): "The educational system has been effectively appropriated by the upper strata and transformed into an instrument which tends to reproduce the class structure and transmit inequality." One reason is that a higher proportion than ever of top-class youths go to college, and they tend to go to the good places, where they are as likely to cultivate connections as to investigate ideas. They go to Swarthmore, not to Carlow College, Pittsburgh. The result is no surprise to members of the upper-middle class, although it may astonish the middle and lower classes. "The newly arrived, eager, upwardly mobile person," says Leonard Reissman, "sweaty from his climb up the class ladder, wipes his brow and learns that the doors to full recognition and acceptance are still closed to him." *Of course*, a cynic might comment, because the effect of the whole system is to stabilize class rigidity under the color of opening up genuine higher learning to everyone.

HOW WAS so bold a class deception accomplished? It happened largely during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, under the laudable, if unwittingly ironic, guise of "opening up educational opportunity." If that commodity were in rich supply and available for simple purchase, the scheme might have succeeded. But intelligence and learning and curiosity are, regrettably, rarer than some imagine, and you don't bring people into contact with them simply by announcing that you're doing that. "Educational opportunity" was opened up by the process of verbal inflation, by promoting, that is, numerous normal schools, teachers colleges, provincial "theological seminaries," trade schools, business schools, and secretarial institutes to the name and status of "universities," thus conferring on them an identity they were by no means equipped to bear, or even understand. The process was analogous to that by which high school students are finally extruded into "college," and for both processes one description can serve: unearned promotion. What was happening in the 1960s was simply an acceleration of a process normal in this country—inflation, hyperbole, bragging. As one citizen exulted in the 1870s: "There are two universities in England, four in France, ten in Prussia, and thirty-seven in Ohio." Here it's as natural for every college to want to be a university as for every employee to want to be an "executive," and every executive a vice president.

The result? State colleges and teachers colleges all over the country were suddenly denominated universities, and they set to work, with the best motives in the world, ripping off the proles. Southern Illinois University is a good example of the genre. Formerly a mere teachers college, it now enrolls 26,000 students and has its own "university press," although it's located in Carbondale, Illinois, a sad backwater. The giveaway is that the majority of bachelors degrees issued by Southern Illinois University are still in "education," an immediate sign not of a university but of what used to be called, more honestly, a normal school. The same observations would hold true of hundreds of places like Ball State, Kent State, Wright State University (Dayton, Ohio), and the University of Northern Iowa.

Many TV viewers of a recent national basketball championship must have been as puzzled as I was to see "James Madison University," which was playing the University of North Carolina. This institution, located in Harrisonburg, Virginia, until recently was Madison College, a modest teacher-training outfit. It has been promoted now to a status bringing it into comparison with Bologna, Oxford, and the Sorbonne, but it still specializes in elementary education, and the average verbal score on the Scholastic Aptitude Test of its freshmen is a dismal 455 for the men, 463 for the women. (By contrast, the figure is in the high 600s for Harvard, Yale, and Stanford.) One frivolous but not entirely untrustworthy guide to college quality might be the absence of a given college from national basketball tournaments. At least this might seem to follow from the constant appearance there of such as the University of Dayton, DePaul, Virginia Tech, the University of Wyoming (remember Fiske's findings about Wyoming?), Seton Hall University, and Bradley University. Sports commentators who refer to these places as "schools" ("--- is a great basketball school") usually denominate them more accurately than the state governments that award them charters as universities.

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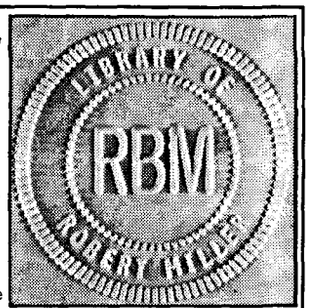

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these institutions are conceived and born sometimes resembles the following. If in other countries universities are named for *places*, like Oxford and Cambridge, if there are such things as the University of Paris and the University of London, why not put our places on the map and even confer a similar dignity on them by inventing things called the University of Evansville, or the University of Dallas, or of Houston, or of Louisville? What does it matter that no spirit of learning is visible in the place? What does it matter if curiosity and study are unknown there, or if the very idea of intellectual rigor and excellence makes people nervous and insecure?

This promotion of colleges to universities is consistent with the long-honored American custom of "raising" a thing by adding to the number of syllables used to describe it. For example, *rain* is raised to *precipitation*. *College* has only two syllables, and even *seminary* only four. But *university*, with five syllables, adds distinction. Why are so many of these hitherto unheard-of universities located in places kindness itself would have to recognize as the less-favored parts of the country? The answer is that many of these began as little church colleges named after Bible Belt preachers which finally added to themselves tiny illiterate, harebrained theological schools, thus sanctioning the "university" title. And considerably below these, there's the real bottom, where universities no one's heard of shade off into the ones that award "doctorates" in exchange for cash and a written deposition about one's "life experiences."

IT'S NOT HARD to understand the way these feeble institutions take root and grow into plausibility. Near where I live there's a large acreage that has somehow escaped having "garden apartments" built all over it. Except for a few buildings in the middle, the land is, as yet, empty. Years ago, a sign by the roadside identified the buildings as belonging to the "Consolata Fathers." A few years later a great brick building with an arched roof began to go up, together with an adjacent structure resembling a dormitory. The sign now reads "Consolata Missionaries," and one fears that something big is about to take place. I'll predict what's going to happen, and very soon, too. A few more buildings will be erected, and then an imposing entryway gate with a sign, "Consolata College," will appear. A few years later, more buildings, and overnight the sign will change to "Consolata University," the institution now proving its right to that title by a notable basketball team, marching band, and drill team, as well as wheelchair ramps everywhere and special programs for the handicapped. There will be a plethora of programs abroad: Consolata in Palermo, Consolata in Kusadisi, Consolata in Hyderabad. Then, before you know it, you'll begin seeing, in *The New York Review of Books*, ads for books published by the Consolata University Press, books with titles like *Structuralism and George Eliot's Dilemma* and *The Missing Marxist Dimension in the Writings of Samuel Johnson*. Consolata University will then seem as serious as Ball State, and no one will think its sudden efflorescence at all funny.

THE PROLIFERATION of bad colleges at the bottom makes the selective few at the top even more valuable as status devices, for there are proportionately fewer of them and their programs are safely liberal, their standards secure. Because of their stuffy and uncompromising distinction, invidious comparisons can still be conveniently drawn, as in the remark you can hear around New England and the Mid-Atlantic states: "He's college but not Ivy." But the very topmost classes, having no need for this kind of cachet, are largely *hors de université*. We can say of their expectations of their children what Douglas Sutherland says of the English gentleman's: his offspring "are expected to conform in all things, and academic brilliance is not an acceptable deviation from the normal." This attitude is entirely consistent with the pose of the amateur enjoined on those classes that don't have to earn money. It's a disgrace to be in any way professional, and thus, says Sutherland, "a gentleman never looks under the bonnet of his motor car, for he makes a point of knowing nothing about engines." For numerous reasons, then, the very rich often send their kids to terrible colleges—partly out of sheer ignorance; partly defensively, knowing their children can't get into good ones; and partly out of sheer eccentricity and stubbornness. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney provides the example. His daughter and her friends go not to Vassar or Wellesley or even Northeastern or Wheaton but to Boca Raton College, Florida. He has no sense that there's anything anomalous about this, noting at one point how much he and his wife have enjoyed touring the nearby "Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University, where I got my Doctoral degree last December." At lunch there, he reports, "We were introduced to everyone as Doctor Whitney and Doctor Whitney, my wife, Mary, having received a degree of Doctor of Humane Letters at the American University in Leysin, Switzerland."

ON THE OTHER HAND, archaic and good colleges like Princeton and Yale are used for status definition and support by exemplary Americans of the upper-middle and middle class like F. Scott Fitzgerald and John O'Hara. Although neither managed to graduate from the top-class college of his choice, and although O'Hara never even got to attend his, pursuing for life the fantasy that he might have gone to Yale and leafing longingly through the yearbook for 1924, which would have been his class, both promoted their colleges to the status of holy places, sacred sodalities to which they could redeem themselves by belonging. Each would have affixed his rear-window sticker with utmost reverence. They were team players both, like so many members of the middle class, and could hardly imagine their identity unless attached to an institution.

The social implications of the better colleges are nicely registered in Philip Roth's *Goodbye, Columbus* (1959), where, in contrast to the streets of prole Newark, those of upper-middle Short Hills are recalled by the narrator as named after classy colleges, like Amherst, Bowdoin, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, etc. *The Social Register* finds that it must mention the same colleges so often that it uses a table of abbreviations to ease its work. The Ivies of course are all there, but so are Hobart, Lehigh, C.C.N.Y., Rensselaer Polytechnic, and Rutgers. To be sure, some of the prestige of the Ivy has diminished in the popular if not the upper-middle-class mind. If two ships plied today between Los Angeles and San Francisco, it's doubtful that the company running them would seek to give them class, as it did a half-century ago, by naming them the Harvard and the Yale. But Ivy still extends an irresistible appeal to the upper-middle class, and it's unthinkable that the current book of classy reminiscences edited by

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Diana DuBois, *My Harvard, My Yale* (in flagrant imitation of the British *My Oxford, My Cambridge,* and *My LSE,* published five years ago) could make it at all titled *My Wayne State, My George Pepperdine.* Even if you don't get admitted to Ivy, it's essential to "go away"—preferably some distance—to college (unless you happen to live in Cambridge, New Haven, Princeton, Providence, Hanover, or the like). Whether Ivy deserves its prestige intellectually is another question. Its claims to superiority often vapor away in pretentious pseudo-spiritual posturing. (Is Woodrow Wilson the ultimate progenitor?) Thus the public utterances of Yale's president A. Bartlett Giamatti collected in *The University and the Public Interest* (1981). He customarily speaks of "the University"—by which he clearly means Yale and not Mercer University, Georgia—the way a Victorian divine avid to become a bishop might speak of "the Church":

> The University is the guardian of the imagination that both defines and asserts our humanity.
>
> The University is not only the guardian of that human capacity, it is also its triumph. . . . The University is an imaginative act in itself . . . , cradling those individual acts of shaping that it figures forth. . . . Thus the University, rooted in history, opened to every new impulse, insists on its centrality to culture and on its uniqueness.

You'd hardly gather that the place runs a hockey rink and produces the most efficient stockbrokers on Wall Street.

THOSE WHO postpone Ivy ambitions until college admission time are already in class arrears, as C. Wright Mills perceives: "Harvard or Yale or Princeton is not enough. It is the really exclusive prep school that counts . . . ," and unless one's gone to Hotchkiss, Groton, Hill, St. Mark's, Andover, Exeter, or Milton, the whole Ivy college act's likely to be socially a waste. The wits of *The Preppy Handbook* know how important it is to go to a good prep school, especially one known to be an efficient "feed" into the Ivy. The right school's crucial because "you want to . . . go to the best [college] possible so that you can forever after wave your handkerchief or beat your breast during the last stanza of certain songs." "It is not enough to succeed," says Gore Vidal; "others must fail." It is not enough that there be a Williams College; there must also be a University of Southern Mississippi to give it value, so that both may play their parts in the great American class system of the higher learning.

It is funny, to be sure, that Americans must depend upon the system of higher education for purposes of invidious class competitiveness. It is funny that to protect that purpose, the prestige of the upper parts of the system must be defended by such as Professor Bennett from exposure and devaluation. If these things are comic, there are other things about the system that are not at all funny. The psychological damage wrought by this incessant struggle for status is enormous just because of the extraordinary power of these institutions to confer prestige. The number of hopes blasted and hearts broken for status reasons is probably greater in the world of colleges and universities than anywhere else. And that's true not just of students and aspirant students, kids who aim at Columbia but get admitted to Ohio Wesleyan instead. It's true of professors as well. I've never actually known a college teacher who killed himself or others because he lost status by not being retained at a "most selective" institution and had to move to a "highly selective" or merely "very selective" one. But I've known many college teachers thus ruined by shame and convictions of inadequacy, who thenceforth devoted their lives to social envy and bitterness rather than wit and scholarship. Anyone who doesn't realize that, whether for their attenders or their conductors, colleges and universities are the current equivalent of salons and levees and courts should look harder. If no other institutions here confer the titles of nobility forbidden by the Constitution, they do.

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REBELS WITH A CAUSE

Report from Afghanistan
by Gerard Chaliand

(Viking, 112 pp., $12.95, $4.95 paper)

Who knew the Hindu Kush? Until Christmas 1979, almost nobody. Cold warriors now know it, because the Russians are there. Proponents of detente still do not know it, because the Russians are there. The Hindu Kush, as it happens, is one of those poor places in the world where the meaning of this century may be found. It must, therefore, be properly known, regionally and globally. With the publication of Gerard Chaliand's important book, it finally is.

"I have been drawn by both taste and circumstance," writes Chaliand, "to study the armed struggles of several national liberation movements." Chaliand is a kind of anthropologist of anticolonialism. He has reported from Guinea-Bissau, Vietnam, Colombia, "Palestine," Eritrea, and Iran; and now he reports from Afghanistan. He is not, however, romantic about rebels. In 1977 he published *Revolution in the Third World*, a stern survey of the failure of the "people's wars" in which he participated to make good their promises of social change. These movements, he charged, produced not equality, but elites. He is plainly an honest man. His *Report from Afghanistan*, based upon two visits to that shackled state in 1980, is also plainly honest. It is filled with hard facts and good sense.

There are only somewhere between fourteen and nineteen million people living in the 650,000 square kilometers of Afghanistan, which twice survived British invasions and was made into a modern state in the final decades of the nineteenth century. The Afghan people lead lives of poverty and poetry. The overwhelming majority live in the countryside, where less than 15 percent of the land is cultivated. The problem is water; it is there, but it cannot be controlled. Irrigation is the first imperative of power in this country, which is among the most underdeveloped in the world.

It is also one of the world's worst casualties of development. In 1978 a new regime installed itself bloodily in Kabul, with the assistance of three thousand Soviet "advisers." The program of this regime, which was quickly taken over by the hard Khalq faction led by Nur Muhammad Taraki and Hafizullah Amin, might be called socialism in the wrong country. It is a cautionary tale about the conditions of modernization, and about its costs. The Khalq policies for the social, political, and economic updating of Afghanistan look appealing in the abstract; in the concrete they were cruel—cruel, as Chaliand points out, even in the manner of the Khmer Rouge.

The Khalq gave full rights to women, abolishing forced marriages and dowries. It embarked on a large literacy campaign; 90 to 95 percent of the Afghan population is illiterate. And it set out on an ambitious program of agrarian reform, which redistributed rural holdings in what seemed to be an equitable manner. The mechanical Marxists of the city thought they were bringing progress to the country. In fact they were throwing it into disorder. The literacy campaign collapsed because it called for public classes, and women refused to appear in public. The agrarian reform collapsed because it was conceived in ignorance of the old patterns of farming. In Afghanistan agriculture is organized not merely around the possession of land, but also of seeds and water. Most peasants already owned small but sufficient portions of land; the new lands they were given were frequently returned in exchange for seeds and water.

The socialists of Kabul, in short, mistook their coup for a revolution. But there was no crisis in the countryside that called for a new political beginning. The social and political situation there, as Chaliand describes it, was quite steady. The Afghan peasants, in the main, were "independent landowners with small holdings"—a modest but fine state of affairs. They suffered not from economic oppression, or from "feudalism," a condition of rural unhappiness which, as every Marxist knows, must give way to capitalism, a condition of urban unhappiness. They suffered only from poor farming methods. They supported the regime in Kabul because they believed it would improve irrigation. They were rewarded for this support by an assault upon their traditional society. As Chaliand sagely observes,

> poverty has a different meaning in an underdeveloped country where traditional social patterns are still largely intact, than in countries where inherited structures have been dislocated and destabilized.

The Khalq never understood this. It paid for its lack of understanding. Insurrection spread slowly throughout the country; and the government that began by dropping schoolteachers in parachutes upon the countryside ended by dropping bombs upon it. There were mass arrests, tortures, executions. The Soviets tutored the regime in the matter of social control. Not well enough, however; it was not long before the Soviets came to do the job themselves. There are now almost two million Afghan refugees in Pakistan (about whom the Moslem states have not been nearly so exercised as about another group of refugees to the west), and the bombs are still falling.

WHY ARE the Russians occupying Afghanistan? Various explanations have been offered. There is the economic explanation—that the Russians covet the country's considerable mineral resources; no doubt there is some truth to that. There is the ethnic explanation—that the Russians want to control the spread of Islamic fundamentalism, which might eventually inflame the Moslem community of Soviet Asia. While it is true that stirrings of a religious nationalism among the Soviet Union's forty-five million Moslems are possible, the present political and economic position of these people is quite good. They are a highly educated and technically skilled group that is well represented in the administrations of the Soviet republics where they reside. And they cooperate with the central Soviet authorities, doing very well for themselves in the manner of a minority playing shrewdly by the rules of power.

There is the political explanation, of course: the Russians acted defensively when they invaded Afghanistan, because they feared that a population in revolt would remove their Khalq puppets. This explanation is based upon the famous theory of "encirclement." It does not explain what the Russians

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were doing in Kabul in 1978, or for that matter in the 1950s, when they began to draw Afghanistan into their political and economic grip. The theory of "encirclement" generally argues from the proximity of Soviet satellites to the Soviet state; since the Soviet Union takes only territory that is around its borders, the argument runs, it must have its security mainly in mind. No matter that people who live near the Soviet Union have the same rights as people who live far from it. No matter, too, that the Soviet Union is diligently taking every opportunity, often by proxies, to extend its influence on other continents as well. In fact, if the Soviet Union is primarily concerned about its security, it would do well to pull itself in a bit; a smaller Soviet Union would be much easier to defend. An empire is bad for the nerves. There is so much more that is exposed. In 1979 the Soviet Union felt "encircled" by Afghanistan. Now it must feel "encircled" by Pakistan. If it takes Pakistan it will feel "encircled" by India. And so on, and to the west as well. What is the difference, then, between "encirclement" and expansion? Who is "encircling" whom?

Chaliand will have none of this. He denounces the invasion of Afghanistan as the latest instance of "an aggressive foreign policy," underwritten at this time by an unprecedented Soviet military capacity which is "the principal problem in international relations" today. And he goes on:

> While Western experts waste their time pondering each Soviet success, trying to decide if it is part of a global strategy or merely an opportunistic coup, the USSR goes on to score yet other victories in Africa and Asia whenever it has the chance.

As for the Soviet strategy in Afghanistan, he concludes soberly that "the Soviets plan to stay in Afghanistan as long as it is necessary to turn it into a vassal state comparable to Outer Mongolia."

The systematic Soviet spill beyond its own borders is not justified by considerations of security. The Brezhnev Doctrine is nothing but a new doctrine of colonialism. It is, to be precise, a doctrine of contiguous colonialism. The new imperialists of the East have learned their lessons from the old imperialists of the West. They do not want their empire undone as the empire of their enemies was. Contiguous colonialism is much cleverer than the other kind, because it solves what strategists

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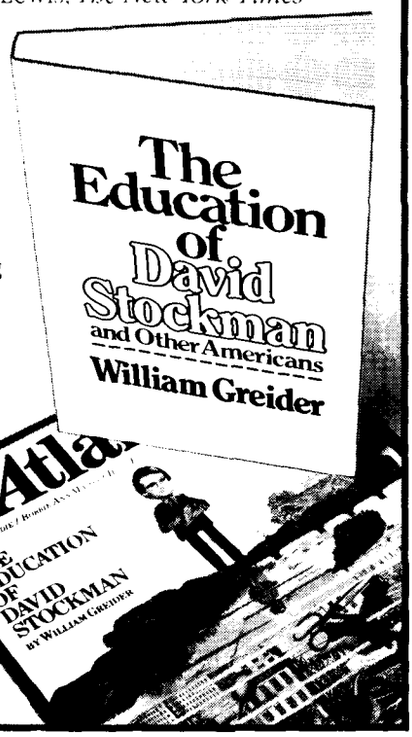
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call the problem of extended deterrence. When the empire is a physical extension of the state, it is not the state that is more easily defended, but the empire. The military situation is more efficiently managed. Troops may be swiftly sent from crisis spot to crisis spot. There is no need for a Rapid Deployment Force, because there are only rapid deployment forces. And military exercises are not merely exercises, but military expressions of political consequence. There is nothing symbolic about troop movements in or around Afghanistan or Eastern Europe; they are actual rearrangements of power.

The geopolitical advantages of the Soviet presence in Afghanistan are obvious. It now has a forward position in perhaps the most strategically sensitive area in the world. At a time of American weakness in western Asia—even a cursory look at the map will show why the United States has such tender feelings for General Zia—the Soviet Union is in place to effect a real shift in the regional balance of power. Chaliand is admirably blunt about the Western interest in who basks by the Persian Gulf and who does not. He is blunt, too, about the lack of interest of his fellow Europeans in these vital matters. (The book appeared originally in French, and has been nicely translated by Tamar Jacoby.) The response of the Europeans to the seizure of Afghanistan, he charges,

> points unequivocally to the "provincialization" of Europe: Paris and London and Bonn seem to be renouncing any interests outside of an extremely narrow geographical sphere, a "world" limited to Africa and the Middle East.

He is quite correct. The moral atmosphere of Europe is now determined in large measure by its economy. The only problem that the crime in Afghanistan posed for the Europeans was to find a form of righteousness that would not endanger their commercial relationships with the criminals. They found it.

What is to be done? Aid the rebels at once, urges Chaliand. He gives a detailed and depressing picture of the Afghan resistance. "They simply do not know the habit of submission," he writes; and yet they are seriously splintered by religious and political divisions, and they are in dire need of weapons. Interestingly, the Afghan guerrilla movement, unlike other guerrilla movements, has not captured the Western imagination. This failure is partly owed to the fact that the Afghan fighters are not exactly a movement. And they lack a leader whom cameras would love. But is it not also owed to the fact that they are fighting the Soviet Union? The Afghan resistance, moreover, does not have the attractions of a revolutionary movement, which it is not. It is, indeed, an antirevolutionary movement. The snipers at Soviet tanks are terrorists for tradition. They want the Russians out as they wanted the British out—not for the sake of a social or political experiment, but so that they can return to their precious little plots of dry land, and be ruled by their khans and instructed by their mullahs.

As Chaliand grimly observes, it is unlikely that the resistance will succeed, and not for lack of arms. Movements of national liberation do better against democratic imperialists than against totalitarian imperialists. The Soviet Union will not be brought to the negotiating table by the pressure of public opinion, because public opinion is not a force in Soviet politics. It may be that the Soviet system will have to weaken before it will loosen its hold on Afghanistan. (The Salazar dictatorship in Portugal had to fall before Portugal's colonies were freed.) The rebels, then, may be fighting for nothing more than their honor; but there are hours in history when honor is all there is.

THERE IS a great deal of information and instruction in this book. It is especially instructive in the style of its anti-Sovietism. Chaliand says that "the Soviet Union is without doubt the bloodiest and most deceptive caricature in modern history," and that "it oppresses countless peoples both within and beyond its borders." He says that "the Russian intervention in Afghanistan marks the end of an epoch—the epoch of detente." And he says that the West must "be prepared vigorously to challenge the Soviet Union whenever and wherever that is necessary," which means that "it must acquire the military means to intervene in the Middle East if that should become necessary." All this he says, and does not scream. The man is an intellectual, not an ideologue. Unlike many American writers who share these conclusions, he does not think only with his backbone.

He also knows something that frequently they do not—that there is a political deterrent to Soviet expansion before there is a military deterrent. This political deterrent he calls "a reformist policy in the Third World." There is nothing in the ideas or the interests of the United States that should inhibit it from supporting the struggle for social justice in unstable societies. The United States should have forced Bakhtiar upon the Shah ages ago; and the Sandinistas, once upon a time, would have welcomed American help against an obviously doomed despot. We need not always side with governments against their peoples; we may sometimes side with the peoples. We will surely be the safer for it, and they the better. Such an anti-Sovietism is not only strong, but sane. Chaliand's is of this kind. His is a truly enlightened interventionism.

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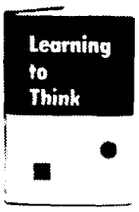

Puzzles, diagrams and examples (both serious and lighthearted) are extensively used by the author who stresses the importance of logic in our everyday lives. He shows us how to think clearly and concisely and to make us enjoy the process. Exercises to test our ability to reason clearly are provided throughout this thought-provoking book. *Illustrated.*

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THE MOSAIC OF LIFE

Grace Abounding
by Maureen Howard

(Little, Brown, 192 pp., $12.95)

In one of her earlier novels (*Bridgeport Bus*, 1965), Maureen Howard described a butcher enrolled in an adult English class. This man's composition on Peru started out prosaically enough ("Truly, Peru is a land of contrasts"), but then took a sudden wild swerve:

> . . . thinking about [the assignment] for the week—'The Wonderful World of Travel'—he said that though it wasn't much to be a meat cutter he sure would like to go to Italy, where his mother told him animals hung in the shop windows so you could see the whole beast in his hide when you bought your dinner. His wife, Gloria, had come into the refrigerator down at Western Beef one day and said how disgusting, and made like she was going to be sick, but Al thought it was natural to want to see what you were eating before you got it on a plate with a mess of potatoes. 'The tin industry alone,' Al's paper went on, 'constitutes over eighty per cent of the gross national income and employs nearly three-fourths of all unskilled Peruvian workers.'

The English teacher, predictably, was not impressed, and counseled the class against falling into "the pit of disorganization." But to readers, that vision of Gloria gagging in the refrigerator was a pure delight—and to longtime Maureen Howard fans it was a familiar, much-hoped-for delight; for one of the qualities that make her writing so absorbing and so intensely personal is precisely the kind of lunge into "disorganization" that Al the butcher enjoyed.

The secret life of a set of twins, say, or the funny, sad career of a family Bad Girl will leap out at us from a story about something else entirely to take over the book for twenty pages or more, always with our complete approval. It's not really disorganization at all, we begin to realize. Instead, it's a distinctive view of the world, almost a philosophical statement: a conviction that life is not so much a single straight line as a kind of mosaic, unreadable to ordinary humans but endlessly fascinating nonetheless.

Grace Abounding, her fifth novel, tells the story of an attractive widow named Maude and her daughter Elizabeth. As the book opens, Maude is locked into an existence that seems lonely and confined. She has thrown away all her late husband's belongings, redecorated the house in a pretty, rather fussy style, and resigned herself to coping with her aged mother's gradual disintegration. Meanwhile it's up to Elizabeth, aged fourteen, to fix Maude's meals and conscientiously set aside certain periods each day to keep her company.

Bleak, you'd say, and probably doomed to remain that way; but not in Maureen Howard's hands. For starters, there's Maude's rich, subterranean fantasy life, which mostly centers on sex. There's the hauntingly described atmosphere she moves through—her own high white house contrasted with the "mad filth and shambles" of the shack next door. The repeated evocation of this atmosphere—certain landmarks called up several times over, in a circular way, demonstrating Maude's dogged ritualism—is very like poetry.

There is, in addition, the endearing character of the daughter, Elizabeth. Stodgy, almost matronly, far too bright for her small-town school but forced to remain there by Maude's need to have her close by, Elizabeth fends off an oddball reputation among her peers by solemnly memorizing popular songs.

> She has early Elvis complete. It is impressive to the dummies, inaccessible, arcane as Latin . . . Older in some way kids cannot define, she gives them the immediate past of a simple world they care about. 'Maybelline.' 'Peggy Sue.' 'Don't Be Cruel.' Did you know Johnny Maestro sang lead in the Rhythm Method? And she gets her kicks singing for them on the school bus. There is a touch of the show girl about her as she straddles the aisle and belts out 'Stop! In the Name of Love,' careening up Painter Hill Road.

Elizabeth has, in addition, a secret. In the back of her closet, in a box that pictures "a boy and girl in ecstasy over an optics set with test tubes and microscopes glittering behind them," she keeps the personal effects sent home from the hospital after her father's death: clothing, a ring, a watch she keeps wound, a comb, a wallet, and a love note from another woman.

A lesser writer would make more of that love note—dissect the mystery, for instance; or use it as an excuse for some emotionally charged scene. Maureen Howard does neither. This is not to say that she ignores the note. It's brought up again, years later; we discover Maude knew of the woman all along, with what effect we can only imagine. That's the really important fact: her knowing. It reinforces the sense we're given, in all of Maureen Howard's books, of the delicate balance and tensions in any configuration of people.

A swoop, then: a leap more startling than any glimpse of Gloria in the butcher shop. We're all at once moved ahead in time. Maude has remarried and is living in New York City. Elizabeth is married and pregnant. Maude has a new profession as a child psychologist and Elizabeth *did* have a profession, of the most unexpected sort (classical singing), before she gave it all up for domestic life. There are several new characters—the two husbands, naturally, but also some surprising extras: among others, a seriously disturbed little patient with a Snow Queen mother; and Maude's husband's grown son, who's a priest in Florida.

Well, it's baffling, of course. For instance, none of the book's established

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characters ever actually meets with that priest, but here he suddenly is, displayed in the center of his routine. In fact, he provides the book's conclusion.

Does it work? For the most part, yes, if you're willing to relax and enjoy the ride. That's not always easy. There were moments when I felt a little testy; I was just getting settled into a scene when the rug was pulled out from under me. In general, though, the effect is refreshing, even exhilarating. We're reminded of the wealth of enigmas surrounding every human being. Interlocking lives, plots that travel out into space on daring tangents—isn't that going on in our own world, too, if only we stopped to consider?

Maude's senile mother, wandering through her memories, comes up with her cousin Sonny:

> Stupid as he was, she loved him, her cousin—a stout boy, no brains and a sweet tooth. How they laughed sucking sugar cubes in the barn. He went off in a straw hat and his Sunday suit to war . . . resplendent in his suit and white shoes her father bought him. Sonny Walsh. They were singing at the railroad station when he left and he kissed her . . . Mayor King parading from the Courthouse. The nurses veiled like nuns. Laughing, but there were tears in his eyes, the big lummox, for her, not the war, for Vee—and she pressed a bag of licorice on him.

Sonny Walsh is long dead by the time the novel opens; he's not part of our story. But in the single paragraph he occupies—leaving and then returning, settling down as the family clown and handyman—he becomes a permanent part of our own memories. "Filthy teeth," Maude's mother recollects. "Grizzled beard. 'The doctor says it's diabetes, Vee, but low as I feel, I say it's change of life.' Oh Sonny, Sonny—don't make me laugh." That click you hear is the sound of the reader willingly disengaging from the mainstream of the plot and following where he's led, off to war with Sonny or into the cluttered rooms of the neighbors' shack or through the sparse, pathetic past of an aging nurse. It's a click you'll hear often, in *Grace Abounding*, and one you'll come to enjoy. Maureen Howard has once again shown herself to be a most agile, inventive, and satisfying writer.

ANNE TYLER

PUSHERS

Prescriptions for Death: The Drugging of the Third World by Milton Silverman, Philip R. Lee, and Mia Lydecker

(University of California Press, 186 pp., $16.95)

The literature on the exportation of lethal drugs to the third world is thin and recent. Now an invaluable addition has been provided by Milton Silverman, Philip R. Lee, and Mia Lydecker. By a grotesque coincidence, their book was published a few days after *The Washington Post*'s Caroline E. Mayer reported that the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Commerce, dispensing a prescription written by Ronald Reagan, had "called for repeal of the long-time ban on export of drugs and other biological products that are not approved for use within this country."

Prescriptions for Death is blemished, but only that, by editing lapses. (It doesn't do, for example, to say, "there are some enthusiasts who proclaim that the drug industry—especially the profitmaking industry—can do no right. . . ." Who? A few sentences are plain sloppy, such as: "Those living away from the cities—which means most people—will rarely go to a pharmacy, since pharmacies do not abound there." Where?) That said, I can only admire the authors for undertaking a difficult and important piece of research, most of it on the spot in numerous third world countries; for documenting ethically depraved practices in selling 510 commonly used drugs made by 150 companies; and for organizing their material in a readable and highly useful format. Their key points deserve attention.

All kinds of drug manufacturers, the authors report—big brand-name producers and small generic producers, multinationals based in capitalist countries, Socialist enterprises based in the Communist bloc countries, and homegrown ventures in the victims' own third world countries—systematically lie to third world physicians about their products. In doing so, they routinely kill, injure, and deform large numbers of human beings while taking their money. Compared with the industrial nations, the lying is wildly unrestrained, because the developing countries lack the regulatory machinery despised by such metaphysicians as President Reagan and Dr. Milton Friedman, the Nobelist who urges outright abolition of the Food and Drug Administration as part of a program that would have the surely unintended result of bringing the third world home.

The lying has the fundamental purpose of synchronizing two distortions of the benefit/risk ratio to broaden a drug's legitimate market. One distortion is to claim that a drug is effective without substantial evidence. The second distortion is to ignore, trivialize, or downplay grave hazards. Until an effort to stop them was made with a 1962 law, the repeal of which is advocated by President Reagan, U.S. pharmaceutical manufacturers regularly overstated the effectiveness and understated the risks of thousands of products, among them DES, which was avidly promoted to prevent miscarriages. Physicians widely prescribed it for a quarter-century, but on investigation it turned out to be no better than possibly effective—and it caused vaginal cancer in some of the mothers' daughters and disorders of the reproductive tract in more of their sons.

Then there is bribery, which menaces efforts to regulate the industry and can lead to the sale and use of unsafe, ineffective, adulterated, contaminated, or needlessly costly medicines. In Nigeria, the authors conclude,

> Segun Bambgose of the University of Lagos said to us, "We would estimate that, here in Nigeria, perhaps one-third of the total wholesale cost of all prescription drugs goes for bribes, or graft, or whatever you may wish to call it. And in other parts of Africa, the situation may be even worse!"

In Kenya in 1973, two Ministry of Health officials

> were jailed for accepting bribes of 100,000 shillings (about $14,000) for ordering for

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government use enough Valium to last the country for ten years and enough of an antibacterial agent, Bactrim, to last for thirteen years. Both drugs were produced by Hoffmann-LaRoche. In the newspaper accounts, however, the Swiss firm was not identified.

In the United States in 1976, "twenty-two . . . makers of drugs and similar health products reported making more than $31.4 million in what were described as 'questionable overseas payments.' " The Upjohn Company, which accounted for nearly one-eighth of the total, is one of numerous American firms that sell abroad unsafe prescription drugs that they cannot sell here, such as Albamycin-T, a combination of two antibiotics once sold here as Panalba. One component is tetracycline, which is superb when properly used. The other, novobiocin, not only causes frequent needless injuries, but impairs the effectiveness of the tetracycline at the same time.

THE CORE of the book is the tables and commentary on the marketing of major classes of drugs in Latin America, Africa, and Asia. Here is a small sampling:

—Clioquinol, known originally as Entero-Vioform, and promoted mainly for nearly all types of dysentery, including "traveler's diarrhea," in the prevention of which it is ineffective. Ciba-Geigy stopped selling it here in 1972.

In the late 1950s, Japanese physicians began to report a dreadful disease called SMON. The authors tell us:

> Victims generally suffered first from tingling, next a loss of sensation, and then paralysis of both feet and legs. In many cases, there were violent gastrointestinal effects, often including diarrhea and severe abdominal pain. Many victims suffered visual disturbances which sometimes led to total blindness. Some patients died. Many of the changes were incurable, irreversible, and permanent. Eventually, in Japan alone, more than 10,000 documented cases were reported. Hospitals were jammed with victims of the epidemic, and new wards had to be built to accommodate them. It was apparently the worst drug disaster in history.

In 1970, strong evidence became available that the cause was Entero-Vioform, which large numbers of Japanese had taken as a kind of "digestive stabilizer." The government banned the product over the protests of Ciba-Geigy, which claimed that it could not conceivably be

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the culprit. Yet, thirty-five years earlier, a prescient warning had come from two Argentinian physicians, and others followed down through the years. Lawsuits were filed, litigated for a decade, and were ultimately settled with payments of $490 million to 4,734 victims. The company admitted in writing

> that medical products manufactured and sold by us have been responsible for the occurrence of the tragedy in Japan, and we extend our apologies, frankly and without reservation to the plaintiffs and their families.

Yet, the authors found, Ciba-Geigy (among others) sells Entero-Vioform with "no warnings" in Malaysia/Singapore and the Philippines.

—Chloramphenicol (Chloromycetin), an antibiotic that can cause serious and even fatal blood disorders. In the United States, the United Kingdom, and Africa, Parke-Davis and twelve other companies sell it with the same few indications for use and the same dire warnings. But in Indonesia, among other countries, some of these same companies and many Indonesian firms run wild, recommending this highly dangerous antibiotii for a host of minor medical conditions in which it is ineffective, or no more effective than safer drugs, and, in twenty-one of twenty-eight cases, providing no warnings whatever. In Taiwan, the suppliers of chloramphenicol are required to disclose the dangers of the drug to chicken growers—but not to physicians and pharmacists.

—Tetracyline, which can cause permanent discoloration of children's teeth. In the United States, suppliers must warn physicians against use of this antibiotic in women in the latter half of pregnancy and in children up to the age of eight. Two United States suppliers that comply here, Lederle and Pfizer, set the minimum age four years higher in the United Kingdom and Africa while specifying no minimum age at all in Indonesia, Malaysia/Singapore, and the Philippines; Lederle sets none in Central America.

It would be a distortion to say that the authors see no bright spots. They wrote, for example, that Merck, Eli Lilly, Syntex, and SmithKline

> no longer permit their subsidiaries to decide on how their products are to be labeled. Such decisions are made only at corporate headquarters, a policy which means that their labeling throughout the world generally follows FDA guidelines.

Yet one may resist a temptation to canonize these firms. Even as I write the Justice Department is investigating one of them, SmithKline, for extraordinary delays in telling the FDA about serious and fatal liver damage in hundreds of users of a drug for high blood pressure called Selacryn, which is no longer sold. Along with DES, of which Lilly was a leading seller, Selacryn is not one of those cases cited by Dr. Friedman in his periodic outbursts about the "drug lag," or by Richard S. Schweiker, Secretary of Health and Human Services, when he acts to savage needed regulatory protections against careless marketing by drug houses of new medicines that may be unsafe or ineffective.

MORTON MINTZ

Morton Mintz, a member of *The Washington Post*'s investigative unit, has been reporting on the drug business for twenty years and is the author of *By Prescription Only* (Beacon Press).

THE STREET OF SMALL PORCHES

On the street of small porches
right-angled, house, house and house,
recurrent patience
of light lifts desolation from the red
asbestos shingles, flames a dormer.

Come in your overshoes, your breathdamp muffler.
Walk the speckled pavement where crusty snow lies, too,
under a sprinkling of finest soot.

The entry that squeezed elbows grows narrower, browner.
The people are in their lives.
Breathe milk bottle, snow shovel,
woolen gloves on the newel post,
breathe in breathe out
the sibilant, air-eating, blue-tongued gas hiss.

Sunday and we're all home
with the baby carriage smell of sleep and oilcloth,
floorboard sighs, our blue and white
scorched, speckled roaster, Mother's small change
fallen quiet in the sugar bowl behind the roaster
put back on the shelf.

House, house and house, in the sufficient light.

Unbuckle your big, black rubber arctics.
The pearly drops of wet stay on your fingers
and their own funny breath of onion
clings, almost tenderly, here where we touch.

Our lives were meant
to be humbler than we thought. Containers
and the thing contained given, and now
now given over to this light that baffles desire
so inarticulate, pitiless a gift, so sure.

ANNE HALLEY

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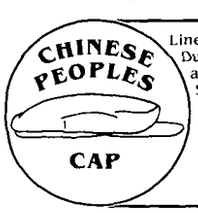

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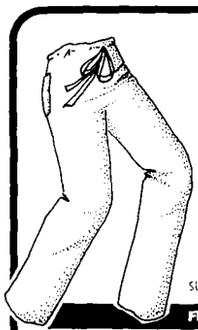

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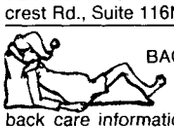

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CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Teacher's Dirty Looks

WHILE OTHER COLLEGES and universities are already deep into the first semester, Harvard is only just receiving its entering freshmen. Living by the academic version of the Gregorian calendar is another way that Harvard keeps its distance. I remember the faculty meeting some years ago at which the proposal to start the school year early in September (and end it earlier in May) was discussed. Weighty arguments were mustered to show exactly how the calendar change would disrupt the life of the mind. I didn't understand the intensity of the opposition until I heard one colleague whisper to another, "The weeks immediately after Labor Day are really the most beautiful on Cape Cod," to which the response was, "Yes, in New Hampshire, too." Since the same goes for Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, lower Vermont, and the Berkshires, the proposal was desperately resisted and bound for defeat. Or, as Henry Kissinger has observed, academic politics is so bitter because the stakes are so small.

CONVENIENCE, of course, is often the begetter of principle. But sometimes it is necessity that does the begetting. Take, for example, the by-now common "January term." Years ago only a few vanguard places such as Bennington and Antioch sent their students, mostly children of privilege, off into the world of work for a few weeks in mid-winter to learn from life what presumably they couldn't learn from books or bull sessions. I thought at the time that this was yet another one of those daring ideas in which these experimental institutions seemed to specialize, like modern dance and interracial dating. Then came the oil crisis of 1973 and increases in the price of fuel from $2.50 to $30 a barrel. Suddenly many colleges and universities (though not Harvard) were expelling their students from Ivy Eden in January for experience in the real world. Some Sun Belt schools without big fuel bills soon followed suit; the off-campus period became virtually an orthodoxy in academia. But it was clear also that this was an idea whose time had come, very much as it had come decades before at the always financially troubled vanguard colleges, through the intercession of economic realities—in this case in the form of OPEC pricing policies. My guess is that if oil prices keep falling, classrooms and dormitories will once again be full in January and those makeshift work-for-credit programs and improvised research projects will meet the fate of other obsolescent expedients that no longer require the guise of inspiration.

HARVARD KEEPS ITS distance, and it also stays in the lead. Largely at the insistence of its current Dean of Faculty, Henry Rosovsky, Harvard has been rehabilitating the idea and the reality of General Education, the old illumination that there is some discernible core of learning that should be the possession of civilized men and women. This body of knowledge as central reference point in the curriculum has been displaced in the last quarter-century by a pedagogic strategy for which cafeteria-style eating and supermarket-style consumption are the most appropriate metaphors. The notion of a compelling intellectual tradition had lost its authenticity. The culture of narcissism told young people, moreover, that they should learn what they wanted to learn. Looking out at the students before them, teachers could not assume that they had even one book in common. When I went to college, everybody took a basic humanities course, the literary classics from *The Iliad* to *The Idiot*. So by sophomore year, we'd all read Virgil, Chaucer, Cervantes, right on up to the moderns. If we weren't specialists on one of the favored historical specialties of the last decade—black history, women's history, the Holocaust, the exploitation of the American Indian—or even on more time-sanctioned academic subjects like the Renaissance in Italy, the other general survey, from Plato to NATO (History I at one place, Social Science I at another), had given us all some rudimentary historical literacy. Someone of my generation could talk intelligently for ten or fifteen minutes or write and think coherently about indulgences in the medieval Church or what differentiates the baroque sensibility from mannerism. No more than fifteen minutes, I suppose, but still we wouldn't be without bearings if someone asked about ancient slavery or the Roman wars, the mercantilist system or European exploration, the unification of Germany or the disintegration of Hapsburg. We could grasp the sweep of Western history in a way that, I'm afraid, even my very best students today do not. Right now Harvard is trying to redress this grievance of the culture against itself; so are other schools, such as Brandeis. A few universities, Columbia and Chicago preeminently, refused to succumb to the 1960s craze for change, and stood by the general education core. But with a return to the tradition elsewhere, there is a shortage of faculty, particularly younger faculty, able to teach what they were not themselves taught.

OURS IS A CULTURE tyrannized by the new. What is stable is suspect. Not long ago, you could at least count on the churches to speak for permanence. But they, too, have been lured to the altar of innovation. Having already made the Book of Common Prayer a very plain volume indeed, the Episcopal Church has now done in its hymnal, deleting anthems and verses that for generations summoned people to faith and sustained them in some notion of Christian responsibility. Responsibility is apparently too onerous a concept for our time, so a James Russell Lowell poem was cast into Anglican theology's dust bin. According to *The New York Times*, a church spokesman explained that the poem "seems to deny a Christian premise that God repeatedly forgives people and gives them many chances to mend their ways." Here's the offending verse:

> Once to every man and nation
> Comes the moment to decide,
> In the strife of truth with falsehood,
> For the good or evil side.

I know that there are also various vulgarizers now at work on up-to-date versions of the Bible. One of my children suggested this rendering of Psalm 150 as an instance of what might be done to make the Bible less archaic:

> Praise God in his space:
> Praise him in his mellowness.
> Praise him for his very excellent vibes:
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M. P.

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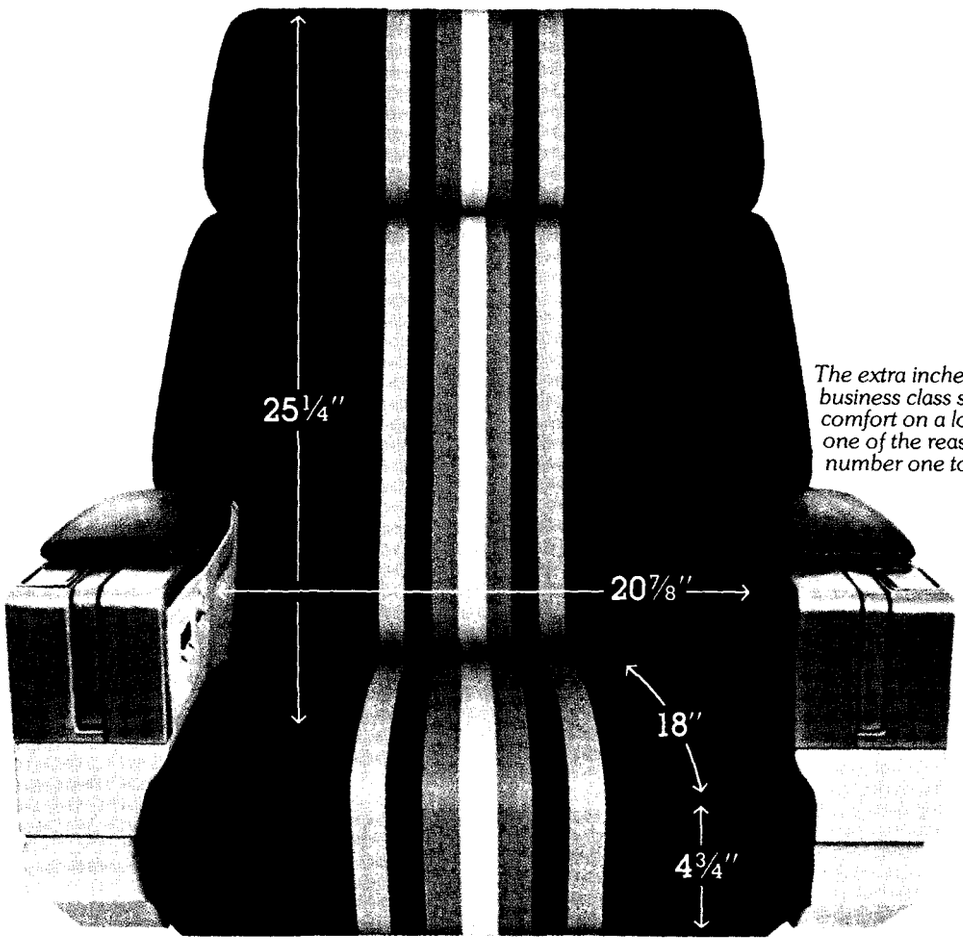

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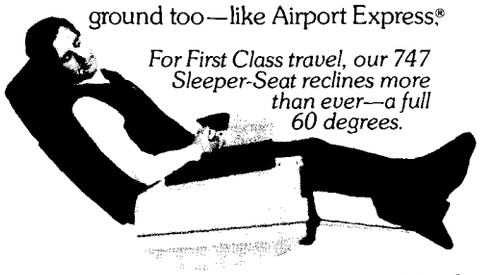

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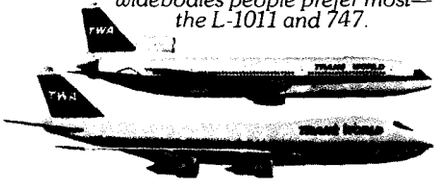

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